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THE ENGLISH AND FRENCH CAMPS.

THE military displays which are simultaneously proceeding at Chobham and at St. Omer naturally suggest reflections upon the military genius of the British and French nations. In England a large Encampment is a novelty; but in France it is an occurrence of almost every day. In the one country, the "pomp, pride, and circumstance" of mimic warfare would not be popular unless they were rare; in the other, their frequency but increases their attraction. The English are a busy people, and would not tolerate a constant succession of such armed assemblages. Not so the French, who are a show-loving and tumultuous nation, and as fond of their "panem and circenses" as the ancient Romans. The more frequent their military spectacles the more they admire them, and the more necessary is their recurrence to keep the multitude in good humour. An innate love of soldiering pervades them from the highest to the lowest; while the swarming millions of a discontented and underfed peasantry constantly supply the material from which armies can be made. War has thus become their glory and their shame, their favourite vice and their appropriate punishment.

But in England the case is different. Soldiers have never been in any high degree popular in the British isles. The naval service has been our right hand of defence. Our main reliance in days of peril, it is one that has never been known to fail us. The seafaring propensities of our Danish and Norwegian ancestors have always been strong amongst us: they are a portion of the national

mind, and are not to be eradicated by either time or circumstance. Our sea-captains are the true Vikings of the nineteenth century. While our military annals show but the two transcendent names of Marlborough and Wellington, we have scores of naval heroes, from the days of Raleigh and Blake, to those of Howe and Nelson, whose names are household words, hallowed by the respect and affection of the people. Splendid as was the career and immortal as were the services of Wellington, he scarcely stands so high as Nelson in the estimation of his countrymen. There is not a reflecting Englishman who does not feel that the sea made us great, and keeps us so. Our most terrible triumphs in war, and our most splendid achievements in peace, are due to it. We owe to it, not only our security and independence as a nation, but our private and public wealth, and our preponderance in the great councils of the world. The army never has been, and never can be, so popular. We endure an army as we do a police, because we consider it to be necessary, but take no particular pride or satisfaction in it. At every period of our history we would rather have diminished than increased it, if we could have done so with safety. A standing army is the national abhorrence. Plain, practical, and observant, the bulk of the people know how mighty a machine an armed host may become to oppress and to enslave them. They feel that public liberty is always exposed to peril where military leaders become predominant. Our statesmen, of all parties, share this instinct: they know that we must have soldiers, but they know, at the same time, that the fewer we have the better.

France is less happily situated. She has none of the old Scandinavian spirit about her. She has a navy, but she neither understands nor loves it. She does not send her ships to the remotest corners of the earth to extend her laws and her language; to plant colonies and to lay the foundations of kingdoms and empires. If she establish a colony she cannot keep it. Driven from America, both North and South, her only hold upon either is amid the swamps of Cayenne. Her footing in Asia is about as weak and precarious. Fortune has not favoured her with a California or an Australia, because she has not had the genius to push forward and "replenish the earth." No countless isles of the ocean pour their treasures into her lap. She possesses, it is true, the colony of Algeria—acquired at great cost, and retained with great difficulty. Nothing shows more strongly than the history of that dependency how indisposed the French are to tempt the salt water in search of new homes. They have no love for colonising, and but imperfectly understand the process. Algeria is not a colony in the ordinary sense of the word, but a great exercise-ground, or college for soldiers, where the art of war may be learned in all its details; where aspiring corporals may fight themselves up to the rank of Captains; where Captains may become Generals; and where Generals, musing upon the eventful story of Napoleon Bonaparte, may learn to look upon a settled Government and a contented people as impediments in the path of their ambition. With two such splendid lines of sea-coast as the French possess, they could not be so unmaritime unless a dislike of the sea had been inherent in their nature. But all the Celtic



THE CAMP AT CHOBHAM.—HER MAJESTY AND THE ROYAL VISITORS WITNESSING THE REVIEW.—(SEE PAGE 552.)

A NORWEGIAN PANTHEON.—From Christiana we learn that a Norwegian Pantheon is about to be erected, to receive the portraits, statues, or busts, of all men who have illustrated Norway by their virtues or their talents. The building will be erected at Eldsvold—a town not far from the capital. Among the earliest to be enshrined in the new temple will be the King (St. Olaus), who introduced Christianity into Norway; Queen Margaret, surnamed the Great; Christian IV., King of Denmark and Norway—the Henri Quatre of the North; Prince Christian Frederick (afterwards Christian VIII.), who accepted and sanctioned the constitution; and Charles XIV. (John Bernadotte), the regenerator of the agriculture, commerce, and industry of Norway.

RUSSIA AND TURKEY.—THE DANUBIAN PRINCIPALITIES.*

THESE volumes are ushered into the world with an inviting title, nor is it a false lure. A residence of twenty years in the East has afforded the author abundant opportunities for the study of his subject, and he has turned them to excellent account. He is not an ordinary tourist, but a keen and profound politician; and while he amuses us as a traveller, he instructs us as a statesman. The territories of the Lower Danube were the scenes of his excursion, and in the present disturbed relations between Russia and Turkey our legislators would do well to peruse thoughtfully the chapters on Bulgaria and Wallachia, in which the subtle policy of the Czar is ably described. In this division of the work our merchants and manufacturers will learn how deeply their commercial interests are injured in the trade of the Danubian provinces, owing to Russia having raised a barrier between the commerce of the two banks of the river. Justice is done to the Turks, whose moderation is highly praised, and very marked improvements are pointed out in their morals and domestic manners. Austria, with its spies, its passports, and its police, is strongly condemned; and its mean and subservient intrigues with Russia against the prosperity and independence of the Ottoman Empire are clearly demonstrated. As a philosophic traveller, the author of the "Frontier Lands" may be compared with Mr. Laing; he possesses the same acuteness and discrimination, and an equal grasp of mind. We must also add that he is extremely well versed in ancient history, and connects the past with the present with fullness of knowledge and clearness of narration.

In his journey through the Austrian dominions, our traveller speaks in the highest terms of the Louisentrasse, the famous road called after Maria Louisa, subsequently Empress of France. It runs from Fiume to Carlowitz, a distance of seventy-two English miles. "I have crossed," he says, "the Simplon, the St. Gothard, and the Ampezzo, all of which passages of the Alps are celebrated for the masterly style in which the greatest obstacles are surmounted; but I do not think that any one of them displays such a degree of skill in the tracing of the line, or of perfection in its execution, as the Louisentrasse." The Kapella Gebirge, he considers, far superior to any scenery in Switzerland or the Tyrol. There is a long, learned, and interesting disquisition on the Slavonic race, traced to the ancient Assyrians, whose numbers are computed at one hundred millions, but "they are nowhere ruled by a native dynasty, for the Emperors of Russia are more Germans than Slavonians, while there exists but one reigning family of Slavonic origin—the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg—and they govern another people." The traveller reaches the river Save, the banks of which are described as enchanting; and on the Turkish side, opposite to the Austrian town of Gradiska, is the tomb of a Mahometan prophet, "who predicted, when dying here, that the Ottoman dominions would never extend beyond this spot, notwithstanding that their career of conquest was then in its zenith. A mausoleum has been erected over his remains, and pilgrims from the south and east come continually to honour them." When our author arrives in Hungary, he displays his ethnological lore, and gives an animated picture of the recent struggle for independence. The Finns on the shores of the Baltic, the Basques of Spain, and the Magyars of Hungary, are altogether foreign to the great races of the Continent. "The latter dispute their being a cognate people with the other two, and claim descent from the Huns of Attila, contending that they are a Tatar tribe which inhabited the western slope of the Ural chain in about sixty-five degrees of N. latitude. They say that they received their name from the waggons, called in their language *madjar*, in which they travelled when they came to the banks of the Danube, by traversing the shores of the sea of Azof and the Crimea. The Magyars are the nobles of Hungary, while the Slavonians and Roumans are the yeomen. The former is one of the most vigorous races of Europe, and, except the nobility of Poland and that of Great Britain, it is the only aristocracy in Europe which has not merited and earned the contempt of their respective fellow-countrymen. In numbers they surpass every other existing patrician order, as their privileges were granted to each individual who killed a Turk in battle." The narrative of the Hungarian war is derived from materials furnished by those who took a part in the struggle. Though the Pragmatic Sanction of Charles VI. attached Hungary inseparably to Austria, the constitution of 1790 stipulated that the former should continue a free state, independent in its legislative and administrative system. The Imperial Cabinet attempted to destroy this independence, and hence broke out the insurrection. Had Georgey obeyed the orders of Kossuth, and pursued the Austrians to the walls of Vienna, which he might have done, the House of Hapsburgh would have been annihilated before the Russian troops could have been brought into the field. When that General accepted the dictatorship, it is known that he surrendered unconditionally to the Russians, though he had under his standard thirty thousand men, 144 pieces of cannon, and 8000 horses. Of his treason there can be no doubt. "Of the Magyar chiefs who had not become voluntary exiles, only one man remained unscathed—that man was Arthur Georgey, who is now living in a town in Austria, on a pension from the Emperor."

Bucharest, the capital of Wallachia, contains 100,000 inhabitants. The streets are narrow, irregular, and badly paved; but many of the houses are large and handsome, with extensive gardens attached to them. Trees are visible in every quarter of the town, which enliven its appearance. The circumference of its boundaries is said to be twelve English miles. It is crossed by rude wooden bridges, scarcely raised above the surface of the water, and embellished by 200 churches with tin-covered steeples. A full and interesting account is given of the Danubian principalities, from the earliest period to the present time. They formed the ancient kingdom of Dacia; and, though they successfully combated the armies of Darius and Alexander the Great, they were conquered by Trajan, and ancient Moldavia-Wallachia was annexed to the territory of the Roman empire. From the time of Peter the Great Russia has desired to possess this fertile territory; and that policy has been carried out by the most perfidious measures. The treaty or convention of Baltaliman sanctions the armed occupation of the principalities by Russia. The interference of the Czar in the Danubian trade is most vexatious; and our author shows that Moldavia, Wallachia, and Bulgaria, are all losers by his selfish policy, as well as the Porte. In every direction Russia strives to impede the material progress of Turkey. One part of its obstructive machinery is quarantine; and England is injured by the mode in which it is applied. It is stated that the Russian practice is in contradiction with itself, "by receiving ships at Odessa, which come from Constantinople, on better terms than are allowed to them at Ibraila and Galatz; for, at the Russian port they perform only four days quarantine, while at those of the Danube they must submit to fourteen." And our author asks, "If Russia admits the right of British ships to receive a clean bill of health at Constantinople, how can she deny them free pratique? And, if Great Britain participates in the act of granting such documents, how does she suffer that they should not be respected? Every Government, being a member of the Sanitary Commission at Constantinople, has an incontestible right to claim free pratique in the Danube. We have that right, and yet our ships are subjected to quarantine."

The Treaty of Vienna, in 1815, declared that all the navigable rivers in Europe should be considered as "the highways of nations." The treaty of Adrianople, in 1829, authorised Russia to maintain a quarantine station on one of the banks of the Danube, which forms the

boundary between the Turkish and Russian dominions, and bears the name of Sulina; and it is the only passage now practicable for shipping. Austria, in 1840, became a party to this occupation, consenting to pay a tax or toll on all vessels crossing the bar of Sulina, provided Russia kept the water deep enough for navigation. While the Turks had the charge of Sulina, there were always sixteen feet of water over the bar, and now there are barely nine. It is, therefore, evidently the intention of Russia to allow the channel to be gradually closed, and to destroy the Danubian corn trade in favour of Odessa. "It is even said that bags of stones have been sunk for the purpose of consolidating the bar, and of creating a permanent obstacle." It also appears that all British goods entering the Danubian provinces must be sealed by the Russian consul, the seals and certificates of the consuls of no other countries being respected; and it is shown that the Danubian quarantine inflicts annually heavy losses on British merchants, and causes serious inconvenience to our shipmasters. On all these subjects the fullest information is communicated. Our traveller had a personal interview with the Hospodar of Wallachia, Prince Stirbey, who requested his free and unreserved opinion on the state of the province, and on its relations with Russia and the Ottoman Porte; and, when the conversation terminated, the Prince significantly said, "Study the country before you write; and when you do write, I hope you will do me justice."

To do justice to these instructive volumes would require several columns, but we can now only urge statesmen and merchants to study this valuable addition to modern literature. The countries visited are little known, and hence it is that their natural capabilities are not duly appreciated. In these districts, sooner or later, the battle will be fought which must decide the balance of political power. Russia perfectly well understands their value, and may already have marched her armies across the Pruth. We should no longer remain in ignorance of the immense importance of the Danubian provinces, not only to trade, but to the independence of Europe; and, for these reasons, we commend the work before us, not as the production of a tourist in search of pleasure, but as the profound and comprehensive reflections of an accomplished scholar and a far-sighted statesman.

THE FRENCH CAMP AT HELFAUT.

THE encampment of English troops at Chobham has been preceded by the formation of a French camp at the village of Helfaut, near St. Omer, at which military manoeuvres on a grand scale are being executed. The Camp at Helfaut is situated on the right bank of the little river Aa, about three English miles from St. Omer. The plateau on which the Camp is formed is of the extent of sixty-five English acres, and commands the valley of the Aa. The plain of Bruyères, where the grand manoeuvres usually take place, is situated mid-way between St. Omer and the Camp of Helfaut: this plain covers an extent of nearly 400 English acres. The situation is admirably adapted for a camp, being a large plain or table land formed on the heights which overhang the valley of the river Aa, having on its banks the beautiful and rich villages of Wizernes and Blandecques. The soil is gravelly, and there are close to the Camp three excellent springs of water, the river being near enough for the cavalry and artillery horses. The air is healthy and bracing, not even too hot under a mid-day sun. The Bruyères is a large, extensive plain, quite flat, and as clear of obstacles as a billiard-table, being exactly on a level with the top of the highest steeple in St. Omer. Charles X. and the Duke of Orleans often manoeuvred from 20,000 to 30,000 men on the Bruyères; but some part has been cultivated; there is still, however, sufficient space for 10,000 men to execute every sort of movement. The troops now assembled consist of about 7000 of all arms, including a battalion of Chasseurs à Pied (Chasseurs de Vincennes). The whole are commanded by General Canrobert, an Aide-de-Camp of the Emperor; the two brigades being commanded by Generals Motterouge and Bisson, formerly Captains in the Chasseurs de Vincennes. All these officers have served for more than ten years with great distinction in Africa, and none of the three has attained the age of fifty. This Camp has been formed at the wish of Marshal St. Arnaud, as well for the general instruction of the troops, as for the purpose of making experiments to what extent infantry of the line can be trained to the exercise and duties of the Chasseurs de Vincennes.

We must guard our English readers at the outset against supposing that the French Camp has been formed in rivalry or defiance of our own. The plateau of Helfaut, and the vast plain of Bruyères, have served from remote times as camps of instruction for the French army. At the time of the American War of Independence a permanent camp was formed here, whose numbers reached 9500 men in 1779. From 1826 to 1827 a camp of 12,000 was established, and from 1827 to 1830 the camp was each year occupied by various troops. In 1833 a new camp was formed, under the command of General Sebastiani. In 1834 military manoeuvres were executed under the orders of General Roguet. In 1840 the Camp of Helfaut served for the organisation of the foot chasseurs (Chasseurs de Vincennes). In 1841 the ten battalions of this arm of the service were assembled here. From 1842 to 1848 there have been some gatherings of troops at Helfaut, but no encampment in the proper sense of the word. The last occupation of the *barraques* dates from the month of August, 1847.

The troops assembled at Helfaut on the present occasion, under the command of General Canrobert, consist of:—Artillery, the 4th battery of the 14th regiment; Engineers, a company of miners of the first battalion of the first regiment of engineers. Infantry, 1st brigade; 9th battalion of foot chasseurs (Chasseurs de Vincennes), 23rd regiment of the line (2nd and 3rd battalions), 48th regiment of the line (1st and 3rd battalions). Second brigade: 27th regiment of the line (2nd and 3rd battalions), 73rd regiment of the line (2nd and 3rd battalions). Cavalry: 3rd and 4th squadrons of the 8th regiment of hussars.

On the 18th May, the greater part of the troops had marched into the Camp. Three days afterwards General Canrobert arrived, and inspected the troops, who were drawn up in line, without arms, and in fatigue dress. The battalions were successively presented to him, and among the officers and soldiers the General recognised many of his brethren in arms during the campaigns in Africa. He addressed each regiment in a soldier-like manner, explaining to them that, as he would do his best to provide for their wants and comforts, in return he expected from them the strictest discipline and attention to their duties. As French soldiers understand manoeuvres, even when stated in technical language, he gave a sketch of what movements he proposed to make during the summer. Though a little man, he sits high on horseback; and his manner and style are remarkably well adapted for catching the attention and gaining the affections of the soldiers. The soldiers saw how determined he was to fulfil his promise to them; for, dismounting, he went through their huts—in one moment saw what was amiss—and the suggestions he made, and the questions he asked, showed the men he was a thorough soldier. This knowledge of the most minute details of a soldier's life—of his equipment—is as familiar to a French General as it can be to the best non-commissioned officer never absent from the men. The responsibility of a French officer commanding a regiment is very great.

The Camp is divided into two parts—the Old and the New Camp—separated by a space of about 200 yards. The rude building devoted to General Canrobert is constructed behind the centre of the ancient camp; and near this is a similar erection for Marshal St. Arnaud, the Minister of War. At 100 yards in front of the Camp is a chapel, in which mass is performed on each Sunday. On the right of the chapel a building is erected for the accommodation of Prince Jerome. From this point the eye embraces a wide landscape, which includes the towns of St. Omer and Cassel; and, farther off, the rich valley in which was situated the French city of Théroutin—besieged, taken, and destroyed by Charles V., and the ruins of which have served to build the neighbouring villages. All the *barraques*—as well for officers as men—are of wood and clay, covered with thatch. Those of the troops are in three parallel lines, and occupy the front of the Camp. The

barraques of the officers come next, and then those of the officers of superior rank. In the rear, but completely isolated, are the *barraques* of the Generals of Brigade.

A more detailed description of this *Camp baraqué* will be acceptable to our military readers. The Camp is situated about 150 yards to the rear of the edge of the cliff, and occupies a frontage of about 1640 yards, or rather less than an English mile. Along the whole front runs a road, on the outer side of which is a line of white canvas tents, about seven feet in height, for the purpose of placing the firelocks during the night or bad weather, but otherwise they always remain piled in the open air. The regiments are mustered and formed in front of these tents. Exactly in the centre of the Camp, and close to the edge of the heights, is the temporary chapel. To the left centre of the Camp are placed the batteries of the artillery. There is sufficient space between the Camp and the cliffs for the formation of the regiments; their private drill ground being on an extensive moor at each flank of the huts.

The word *Camp* generally suggests to the mind the notion of pitched tents, *marques* of gay colours, &c.; but the visitor who expected to see these accessories of campaigning would be sadly disappointed; there is no such thing as a tent to be seen here. The soldier at Helfaut does not sleep under canvas, but in well-constructed cabins, which the French call *baraque* (a word, the meaning of which widely differs from our *barrack*), whence the name of *Camp baraqué*. This Camp was constructed some twenty-five years ago. Each barrack contains twelve men. There are no windows, but as there are two doors facing each other, there is no great want of ventilation. On each side of the *baraque* is constructed a reclined *lit de Camp*, like those in our guard-rooms, except that, instead of planks, the beds are made of wattled branches of trees by the soldiers themselves, with materials supplied by an adjoining wood, lying behind the Camp. The beds are canvas sacks, filled with straw, which every morning, weather permitting, are taken outside to be aired. Each soldier has a comfortable substantial blanket, of a grey colour. The non-commissioned officers are close in rear of the men; in their rear are the huts of the company officers, while in their rear are the huts for the field officers, divided one-half for himself, the other as a stable; completely in the rear are those of the general officers and staff; near to them are many temporary restaurants, where the officers are messes at a moderate rate. Scattered through the Camp are the kitchens and bakeries for the men. The officers' *barraques* differ very little in exterior appearance from those of the men. The lieutenants (enseignes) have one hut for two of them; a captain has one for himself; a major, a hut for himself, with a stable for a horse and a room for his servant; a colonel has in addition a reception-room, a servant's hut, and a stable for three horses; a general of brigade has still better accommodation. There are two large huts, with six windows in front—one at the back of the Camp—for the general staff.

The manoeuvres may be said to be carried on without cavalry. The two squadrons of hussars (that have been sent to St. Omer to fulfil the duties of *ordonnances*, &c., and escort to generals and staff officers, and to join the grand manoeuvres for the service of *tirailleurs*) are in the *barraques casernes* in St. Omer: their number does not exceed 250. The artillery horses for the service of the six batteries are in stables constructed on the same principles as the *barraques*.

French soldiers are allowed greater latitude in embellishing their encampment than will probably be conceded to the English troops at Chobham. The instinct of the arts, never developed in the English peasant, characterises the French soldier as much as his passion for warlike exercises. The order, industry, and taste, with which the French troops at Helfaut immediately set themselves to embellish their Camp, were truly remarkable. They found in their ranks Macadams to mark out their streets, architects to construct symbolic monuments, gardeners to design parterres and raise seats of turf, decorators and poets to ornament with emblems and devices the pediments of their improvised monuments. Before the barracks of the 27th is a parterre, representing on one side an eagle, supporting the Cross of the Legion of Honour, and on the other the tomb of the Emperor at St. Helena. The voltigeurs of the 3rd battalion occupied themselves in making a large medal in plaster, representing the Emperor and Empress. The 3rd battalion of the 48th have designed, among other emblems, an escutcheon, containing the initials of the Emperor; and a bouquet for the Empress, artistically designed. The same battalion has built a pyramid surmounted by the military medal in plaster, and have inscribed upon the pyramid the names of the battles in which the regiment has taken a part; among which are, Jemappes, Eckmühl, Moskowa, Staouelli, Isly. Lower down are the names of two colonels, killed under the colours of the regiment—Colonel Leblond, October 5, 1842; Colonel Regnault, June 25, 1848. In front of the *barraques* of the 9th battalion is a construction of turf representing the donjon of the Castle of Vincennes, and a fountain rising from a basin surrounded by flowers. Near this is an obelisk to the memory of Marshal Bugeaud, with two inscriptions, Tifour and Isly; then a column in plaster, surmounted by a bust of the Emperor. This column and bust are executed by a young Parisian artist, a soldier in the battalion. We trust we shall be pardoned for these details; but it appears to us that a whole chapter of national characteristics may be read in the contrast between the French and English encampments at St. Helfaut and Chobham.

For a short period after his arrival at St. Omer, General Canrobert left to the superior officers of the regiments to continue and complete the instruction in details under the direction of the two Generals of Brigade. But a few days ago a grand review and sham-battle were ordered to take place, which attracted a large crowd of spectators.

At ten o'clock a.m. the troops were drawn up in readiness to march for Bruyères. At noon they were formed in order of battle on the vast plain—the infantry in the first line, and the cavalry and horse and foot-artillery in the second. At half-past twelve General Canrobert arrived on the field, and rode with his staff along the line, which was about half a mile in length. On the extreme right were a small body of the mounted gendarmes—a splendid corps. Next to them a company of engineers. On their left was the 1st Brigade, commanded by General Motterouge, consisting of a battalion of Chasseurs de Vincennes, ranks two deep, with a numerous supernumerary rank, with band and bugles in rear of right. Then two battalions of the 23rd of the line, in ranks three deep, with a numerous supernumerary rank, with music and band of both battalions in rear of right. A similar formation of five battalions of 27th of the line. The space between the brigades was filled up by a battery of artillery of 8-pounders (equal to our nine), in beautiful fighting order and admirably horsed—six horses to a gun. Then to their left the 2nd Brigade, under General Bisson, composed of two battalions 48th, and two of 73rd of the line—similar order to 1st Brigade. Next to them a party of well-equipped waggon trains (*train des équipages militaires*), and on the extreme left the crack corps of the 8th Hussars, who are about to be completely mounted on grey horses. The sight of this corps would have given pleasure to a soldier of any nation.

The manoeuvres immediately commenced after the plan indicated by the General. It was supposed that the enemy had occupied St. Omer, and that he wished to turn the French right in arriving by the route of Hesdin. To prevent the execution of this intention, the General ordered a change of front to the right of each brigade, to be made under the protection of the artillery. This movement was covered by a strong line of sharpshooters and riflemen, both infantry and cavalry. While this movement was being executed, it was supposed that several of the infantry battalions were attacked in their march by the enemy's cavalry. The battalions thereupon threw themselves with great rapidity and precision into squares of battalions, to resist cavalry; the riflemen were called in, and the Hussars executed a charge. The cavalry being repulsed, the front was entirely changed; and the 1st Brigade was formed into line, with the second in the rear, at about eighty yards distance. The artillery was on the right of the 1st Brigade, and the cavalry on rear of the left of the 2nd Brigade. The 1st Brigade advanced, covered by the Chasseurs in skirmishing order, with the artillery in advance to the right of the line. The 1st Brigade advanced in line; skirmishers and artillery were called in; and the line halted, and opened a heavy independent file firing. The 2nd Brigade now passed through the line, occupied the same front eighty yards in advance, and commenced firing. The 1st then passed through the 2nd; but just as they were about to open fire in line, the enemy's cavalry made their appearance; they, however, with great rapidity threw themselves into squares of battalions *en échelon*, the artillery placing themselves on the inner flank, so as to rake the cavalry at their charge. The cavalry were thus repulsed, and were followed sharply by the Hussars. The manoeuvre of passing the line and the movement of the troops in columns, crossing and intersecting each other at various angles in the immense plain, presented a *coup d'œil* of the most interesting character. The movements were executed by the troops in a manner which elicited the admiration of the military men present. A violent storm which suddenly broke out compelled the General to suspend further operations, and the troops received the order to return to the Camp.

The military manoeuvres just described were followed, a few days afterwards, by a grand review of the troops, in the presence of the Minister of War, Marshal de St. Arnaud, who arrived at the St. Omer

* "The Frontier Lands of the Christian and Turk: comprising Travels in the Regions of the Lower Danube in 1850-51." By a British Resident of Twenty Years in the East. 2 vols, 8vo. Bentley.



THE CAMP AT HELFAUT, NEAR ST. OMER.

railway station, by a special train, from Lille; and at nine o'clock was received by all the civil and military authorities of the town and Camp. At noon he proceeded to the Camp, where he found the troops drawn up in line in full dress. They looked remarkably well. The inspection finished, the troops were marched to the extensive, but rough and uneven ground to the right of the Camp, there to be manoeuvred. The manoeuvres consisted principally of change of front, and forming into line from column of battalions. As the ground was very difficult, of course, though the regiments worked beautifully, there were some mistakes and confusion. The French troops are not so silent under arms as the British. This arises from the non-commissioned officers understanding company and battalion drill as well as their officers; thus there are too many commanding officers. Each sergeant expects to be a general at least, and consequently does not like to "hide his knowledge under a bushel." The charges of the Hussars were very well executed; and it was astonishing to see the speed with which they galloped up and down the small but very steep hills. After a charge or a repulse they sprang into their proper places so quickly, that it is clear each man knows his duty. The manoeuvres finished, the regiments marched past the Marshal in open column of divisions (two companies).

During each week there is company and battalion drill at the Camp—a most instructive school for all officers. The general inspection of a regiment in the French service is quite a different affair from that of a British regiment. The latter is usually finished in less than two days; but in the French service seven days are generally occupied in the inspection of one battalion. In the field, in the barracks, or in examination of the officers, non-commissioned officers, and soldiers, in theory and practice of military matters, eight hours at least are daily spent.

These examinations are most useful. A soldier or non-commissioned officer is called out to write a sentence on the board, dictated by the office schoolmaster, and to construe it; another to demonstrate a problem in Euclid; another, a problem in algebra; another to sketch on the board a fortification, explaining aloud the peculiar uses of each work. The general then puts questions to the officers under the rank of captain and to the non-commissioned officers, and the man must indeed be master of his profession to put such questions. The answers and the reasons given by the young men are quite enough to puzzle a Wellington or a Soult. Lord Frederick Fitzclarence (now at Bombay), when in command at Portsmouth, established a school for non-commissioned officers, having seen the benefit of such an establishment in the French army; and many officers are of opinion that the sooner his Lordship's example is followed through the British army, the better for the United Kingdom.

Few of the officers on the French staff (*état major*), are under the age of thirty, and all are highly professionally educated—being, in fact, the hinge upon which an army moves. The corps of the *état major* is as distinct in service as that of the artillery or engineers. No young man can become a candidate for a commission in the French army without having studied at a Government college. On leaving this, he is subjected to a severer public examination than that undergone by our cadets at Woolwich when seeking their commissions in the artillery or engineers, before he can be admitted to the Military School of St. Cyr. There he remains two years; and if he passes his examination well he is appointed as an officer; but, if he cannot pass, he is sent to the army as a non-commissioned officer. He who passes the best examination, has the choice of entering the school of the *état major*, where, for two

years, he is instructed in those branches most necessary for staff-officers. He must then do one year's duty with a regiment of infantry, one year with the cavalry, and one with the artillery; and he is then eligible to do the duty of the staff of the army, and is appointed, not by or to any particular general officer, but to be employed wherever his services are required. If three vacancies take place among the ensigns in a French regiment, the non-commissioned officers have a right to one of these vacancies; another is appointed from St. Cyr; and the Emperor appoints the third, either from St. Cyr or from a non-commissioned officer of any other regiment; but all the three are subjected to a severe examination before the appointments are confirmed.

The most friendly feeling is evinced by the officers of all ranks at the Camp to the English; and any British officer (in uniform) visiting them, and attending their reviews, may confidently anticipate a cordial reception.

We present our readers with two Illustrations of the Camp at Helfaut. In the Sketch, taken from a spot near the park of artillery fronting the first line, horses may be seen tied to pickets planted on the ground. These are the horses of soldiers on duty; a certain quantity of them being always there, night and day, and relieved successively, like sentries. Behind the line of officers' *barraques* there is another, close to the wood, formed of mess-rooms for officers, cafés, restaurants, little cabarets for the men, and shops of every description.

Prince Napoleon left Paris on Saturday morning for the Camp at Helfaut, after having spent part of the previous day at St. Cloud, to take leave of the Emperor. The Prince will remain several days under canvas at the Camp, in the midst of the troops, and be present at all the grand manoeuvres.

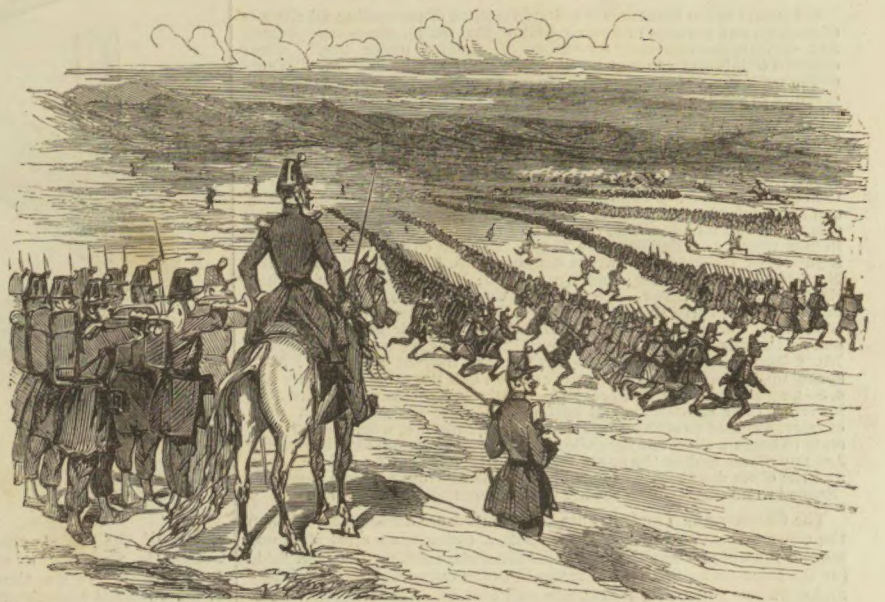


THE CAMP AT HELFAUT.—PARK OF ARTILLERY.

THE CHASSEURS DE VINCENNES.



CHASSEURS DE VINCENNES ATTACKING A BLOCK-HOUSE.



GYMNASTIC PACE.—180 STEPS IN ONE MINUTE.

The Chasseurs de Vincennes will probably play so important a part in the next European war, that we, this week, present our readers with some illustrations, taken at Vincennes by one of our Artists, from

which an accurate idea of the manual and platoon exercise of French riflemen can be formed. We have adverted in another article to the experiments now being

made at the French Camp, near St. Omer, with the view to solve the question whether, and to what extent, infantry of the line can be trained to the exercise and duties of the Chasseurs de Vincennes.



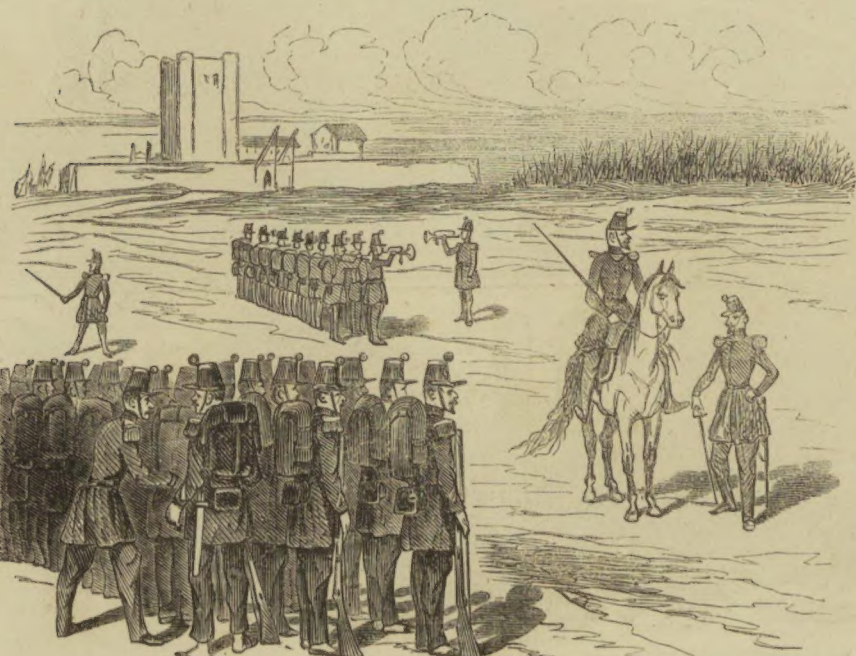
THE CHASSEURS DE VINCENNES.

- 1. To resist Cavalry—(fourth position) Point.
- 2. To resist Cavalry—(third position) Point.
- 3. To resist Cavalry—(first position) Parry and Point.

- 4. To resist Cavalry—The firelock thrown smartly.
- 5. To resist Cavalry—Prepare to charge.
- 6. To resist Cavalry—(first position) Parry.

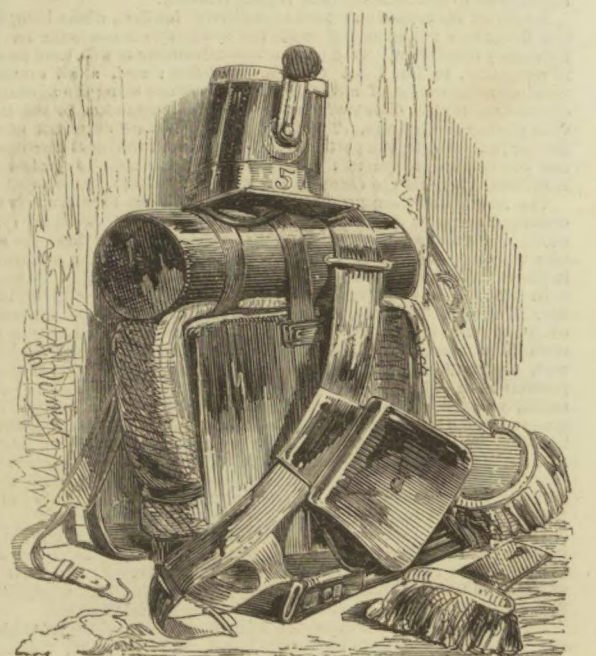
- 7. To resist Infantry Guard.
- 8. Sentry.
- 9. Retiring gymnastic pace.
- 10. Detached skirmishers—To fire and load advancing.

- 11. To fire kneeling on the spot.
- 12. Detached skirmishers—To fire lying.
- 13. Rush of Arabian Cavalry—Rallying square, back to back.



SIGNALS BY BUGLE.

These experiments will probably bring to the test the new system of drill of General Lourmel, who has written a pamphlet, in which he plausibly contends that all the line ought to be drilled and armed as the Chasseurs de Vincennes. General Lourmel's pamphlet has been answered by Captain Pernot (the author of the celebrated work upon fire-arms). These two pamphlets, and the new system of fortification proposed by Mr. Fergusson, the author of the "Perils of Portsmouth," are at present causing great discussion among the French military. The superior officers, who have served with the Chasseurs de Vincennes in Africa and at Rome, speak with great contempt of all fortifications, as they say the new fire-arms must always be able to destroy artillerymen at their guns; but the officers of the French artillery and engineers, like our own, are not inclined to listen to such ideas. A discussion is also taking place as to the efficacy of the new fire-arm (Minié rifle) against a charge of cavalry; one party agreeing with the remarks of a "Contributor" to the *Quarterly Review*, that the movements of cavalry are so rapid, that in their attack such confusion



CHASSEURS' ACCOUTREMENTS.

would arise, that the riflemen in action could neither calculate the proper distance, nor have time to raise or lower the sights of their rifles to the proper distance. But such ideas are not shared by those who have served in the Chasseurs de Vincennes. A military correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle*, advertising to this discussion says:—

It appears to me that there is a simple method of preventing all charges of cavalry, and perhaps of getting quit of that at all times complicated and difficult movement—"formation of squares under fire." Close columns of infantry can now be wheeled quickly and correctly. Cavalry at the walk clear about 450 yards in five minutes; at the trot the same distance in about half the time; and at the gallop about 450 yards in one minute. But it must be borne in mind that these movements must be on favourable ground, and no cavalry would commence the gallop with chance of success at a greater distance from the square (or column) than 300 yards. A close column of infantry of eight companies, discover cavalry, say at a distance of 1500 yards; thus the commanding officer of the column has time to examine and judge on what ground the cavalry can approach him. He wheels his column to face this ground, having more than five minutes to do this, but he can wheel and dress his column in less than two minutes. He orders the rear company, or No. 8, to adjust their sight to 1000 yards distance; No. 7 to 900; No. 6 to 800; No. 5 to 700; No. 4 to 600; and No. 3 to 500; Nos. 2 and 1 placing their sights at the point blank. The moment the commanding officer sees the cavalry at 1000 yards distance he gives the order "Commence firing from the rear." The seven front companies drop on their knees, and No. 8 deliver their fire, knocking down a number of the cavalry. The smoke of No. 8 having cleared away, the cavalry are now at 900 yards; No. 7 spring up, fire, and bring down their quota; and the same is done by 6, 5, 4, 3—2 and 1 always being in reserve—and the companies which have fired lowering their sights to about half their former distances. But what cavalry, exposed to such a murderous, continuous fire, would be in a fit state to begin a charge at the gallop at 400 yards distance from the square? Let any officer look at the angle formed by the rifles firing at 1000 yards, and the other distances, and he will see those in front on their knees are exposed to no danger from the fire of their comrades in their rear.

The Chasseurs de Vincennes are in some measure chosen men. When the conscripts are drawn and assembled, a commission appoints these men to the different corps. The tallest and strongest men are put aside for the cuirassiers; the next in strength to the dragoons; next, artillery and engineers; next, light dragoons and hussars. Those for the chasseurs are then picked out—being thick, large chested, short, active men; and what remains are sent to the line; and this is the reason why the French regiments of the line can never be compared with the men of the British regiments of the line as to appearance. The Chasseurs de Vincennes, at their *pas gymnastique* (quicker than our double quick), move beautifully in column, and form square with surprising rapidity, and are off again in a moment at their rapid pace.



UNIFORM OF THE CHASSEURS DE VINCENNES.

A sketch of the successive improvements, by means of which the weapon for which the Chasseurs de Vincennes are so celebrated has attained to its highly effective state, may be acceptable at the present moment. For the subjoined particulars we are indebted to a Correspondent at Paris:—

The French rifleman (*tirailleur*) is a gallant offspring of the Revolution which took place towards the end of the last century, both in America and France. Such a name had hardly ever been mentioned before on the European battle fields.

With the exception both of Gustavus Adolphus and Louis XIV., whose plan was to detach, previous to the general firing, a company or companies of forlorn soldiers (*enfants perdus*), pushing on or falling back from post to post, governed by circumstances or situation, there was little enough in the European armies of what the modern tactician is accustomed to associate with our regular riflemen.

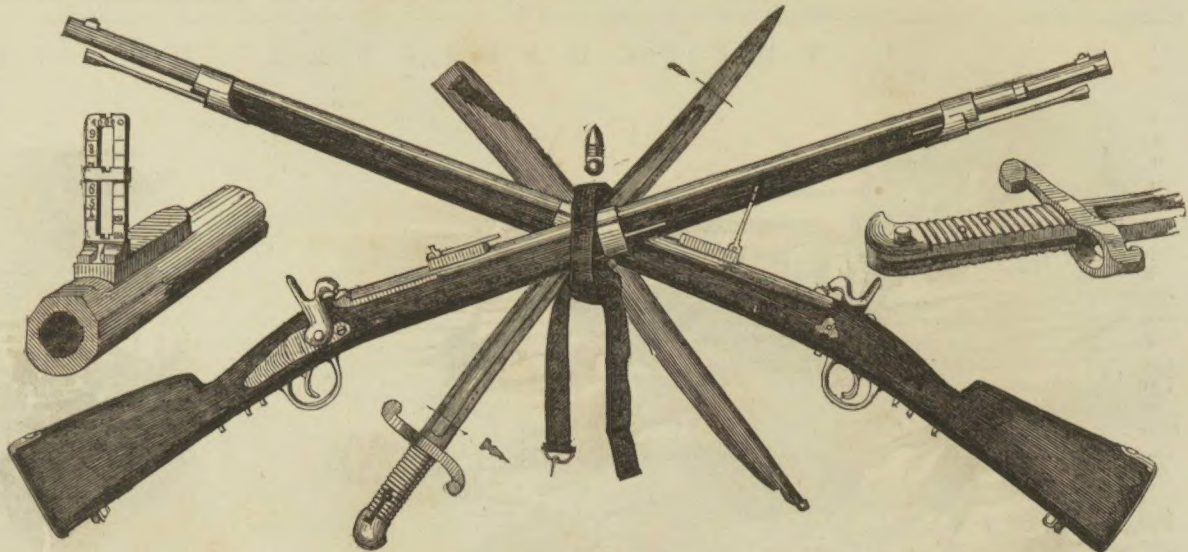
Frederick II. made no account of scattered fusiliers, whose independent firing was not connected with the systematic manoeuvres he had previously decided on. What was a man advancing at will, hard pressed in retreating, to him? A mere superfluous; and, at all events, a nuisance: the retreat of a company of skirmishers being the advance of opponents—that is, discouragement to the bulk, confusion in the lines, with gloomy forebodings. The fact is, that, in nine cases out of ten, neither judgment on the part of the leaders, nor individual intelligence and correctness of eye in the skirmishers, were able to protect the Austrians, when held in check by the Prussian tactics.

The Anglo-American people are believed to have been the first who organised corps of light infantry armed with rifled musketry; and during the American struggle for independence, the fire from the riflemen too often took effect with fatal precision against the officers and in the ranks of British forces.

In 1792, when the French revolution began with a clap of thunder, Wallons, Belgians, and Liegemen offered to the Committee of Public Safety the levee of their numerous skirmishers armed with rifle musketry. The offer, we may conceive, was accepted with enthusiasm. Indefatigable hunters at home, the Wallons possessed on the field the great requisites in skirmishing—sure, quick, and steady aim, together with ready tact in seizing at a glance local advantages. As this coincided with the French mode of fighting, there was not much difficulty in convincing them of its propriety. Besides, of all nations, France is the one which best knows how to profit by an innovation in warfare. So, in 1793, no less than thirty corps of French riflemen bivouacked within range of the cannons of the Austro-Russian advanced guards.

It was one of those epochs of exciting interest, when every French soldier considered himself as a responsible agent, and as a corps by himself. The circumstances were, besides, too urgent, and time too valuable to take the trouble of regulating and drilling such a patriotism. Skirmishing became a passion, and a rifle musket fashionable.

But the evil days soon came, the French enthusiasm began to abate, the individual energy disappeared, and, what is more, the expe-



MINIE'S IMPROVED CARBINE AND BULLET, SWORD, AND BAYONET-SWORD.

rience of the Allied armies improved every day. At last, General Bonaparte, resuming a more scientific strategy, put a stop to separate attacks. It was thus that he vanquished in Italy the soldiery of his Imperial Majesty after a few days' campaign.

So much for the Imperial riflemen. The Government of the Restoration, although at peace, felt instinctively that it was but the calm which precedes the storm. At the period now described, all the Governments were engaged in researches for a new system of strategy—an occupation of the utmost importance, and the result of which was the introduction of a certain number of horse riflemen in the Prussian, Austrian, Russian, and English armies. In consequence, the French Minister of War directed a committee, composed of clever artillerymen, to lay down various regulations for drilling and training the riflemen, in order that a perfect uniformity of system under these heads should be maintained throughout the service. And as it was, at the same time, of no less importance that the soldiers should be accustomed to judge of distances correctly, that they should know how far their firelocks would carry point blank, also the exact degree of elevation that is required in order to hit objects at different distances beyond the point blank range, and should finally be trained to the knowledge of distances on every kind of ground, the Castle and the Park of Vincennes were transformed into a school for ball firing and target practice.

The Royal ordonnance of March, 1831, is the abstract of the aforesaid regulations, as well as a guide for the officers and non-commissioned officers.

But a weapon fitted for the purpose of a regular and systematic warfare was wanted in France; the rifle was disregarded as awkward, owing to the inconvenience of laying the bullet on the muzzle of the musket, and forcing it down by blows of a mallet. Besides, it is well known that when falling on the ground this rifle was easily damaged, and in service it often happened that it could neither be repaired nor replaced. M. Delvigne, a celebrated gunmaker in Paris, invented, twenty years ago, the simple mode of forcing down the bullet, without any other trouble than the ramrod itself. He made a new rifle musket, so as to admit of its being loaded at the opposite extremity of the barrel, a sort of *chamber* being formed for that purpose by an enlargement of the bore at that place; the powder and bullet were introduced in it through a perforation made in the side of the barrel; and this, after the piece was loaded, was closed up by a screw which fitted it.

The inventions of M. Delvigne suggested many experiments, the results of which were successive improvements and high correctness in the hits at long distances. There is not a sportsman who is not aware that, on firing the charge of a rifled musket, the bullet, yielding to the compression in the bore, acquires projections where the grooves allow it to expand, and thus it passes into the air with a rotatory motion on its axis.

The resistance of the air is the cause of the projectiles going to the left or to the right, and of diminishing the range.

Different methods have been employed for the purpose of enabling the bullet to acquire, by means of the rifle grooves in the barrel, the intended rotation on its axis.

1st. In order to increase the quickness of the rotation, the line of the screw was shortened; the consequence was that a smaller quantity of powder was used, but the quickness of transmission was found greatly diminished; and, besides, beyond a certain charge, the grooves in the bullets being destroyed, the bullet lost all its power of rotation.

In the rifle muskets of the Chasseurs de Vincennes, Colonel Thierry took a medium; he consented to sacrifice something in the correctness of the shot, in order to give to the bullet a greater rapidity.

After him, Colonel Thouvenin suppressed the chamber of M. Delvigne, and substituted a steel verge of his own invention: it is screwed in the bottom of the musket, stretching on the axis of the piece, in such way as to maintain between the verge and the walls a space more than sufficient to lodge the powder.

Such an innovation was a great improvement. It enabled the person firing to force down the ball, without causing it to deviate from the axis of the bore.

When it was ascertained that the rotation of the bullet was as rapid in the new carbine as in the Delvigne rifle, Captain Minié thought proper

to alter the form of the bullet itself, for it is well known that there is a great difference between the rotatory motion of a spherical or cylindrical body. The Captain Minié bullet is rather sharp at one of its extremities; the centre of gravity being in the rear.

It weighs 47 French grammes (about 1½ English ounce), instead of 27 grammes (a little less than 1 ounce), which is the weight of the spherical bullet.

The advantage afforded by the conical Minié ball is to offer a less resistance to the air, and to possess a more efficient rapidity and range than any spherical bullet of the same density.

The new process of using a less quantity of powder in the charge, without in any way diminishing the range, enables the bullet, which is propelled with less force, to escape from the barrel, without causing any material damage to the grooves. But it was useless to put in the soldier's hands such a perfect rifle without the chasseur being carefully habituated in taking aim, that is, taught to fire with precision, or in other words, to kill his enemy. Indeed, all his other instructions in marching and manœuvring can do no more than place him in the best situation for using his weapons with effect; besides, his safety depends upon that efficient use.

Our correspondent visited Vincennes, in order to see the Chasseurs at their exercise. He says:—"During my conversations with the Chasseurs de Vincennes, a tolerably large party of curious congregated around the broken *gabion* on which was seated, as on a throne, a picturesque *vivandière*. The *vivandière* was a nice little brunette, admirably well made. She had her hair simply but most becomingly dressed, and a sort of military cap on, with a small peak, ornamented with the number of the regiment, and a tricolor ribbon—the whole gently placed a little on one side of her head. Besides, she wore the regimental trousers, and a short cloth gown of blue colour with tight body, like the upper part of a riding-habit, and decorated with silken brandebourgs to match. Her features were impressed with melancholy, for, a few days before, she had received tidings of a domestic affliction. Her brother, a brave youth of nineteen, a gallant chasseur de Vincennes, had been mortally wounded, when forming the rallying square against a sudden rush of cavalry in Africa. To face the danger with firmness and steadiness is, in the gallant corps of Chasseurs, even in the worst emergencies, a common course. But, notwithstanding his individual firmness and that of his "comrades of combat" (a squad of four chasseurs are called comrades of combat); the Arabian cavalry made so terrible a charge that the *vivandière's* brother, shut up between two walls of steel, and hard pressed in retreating, devoted himself to death, in order to cover the retreat of the squad. The four comrades of combat could not have long withstood the impetuosity of forces thirty times their own, had they not been taught to know and feel that, individually, a man on foot with a loaded carbine and a sword-bayonet in his hand, is a match for any horseman."

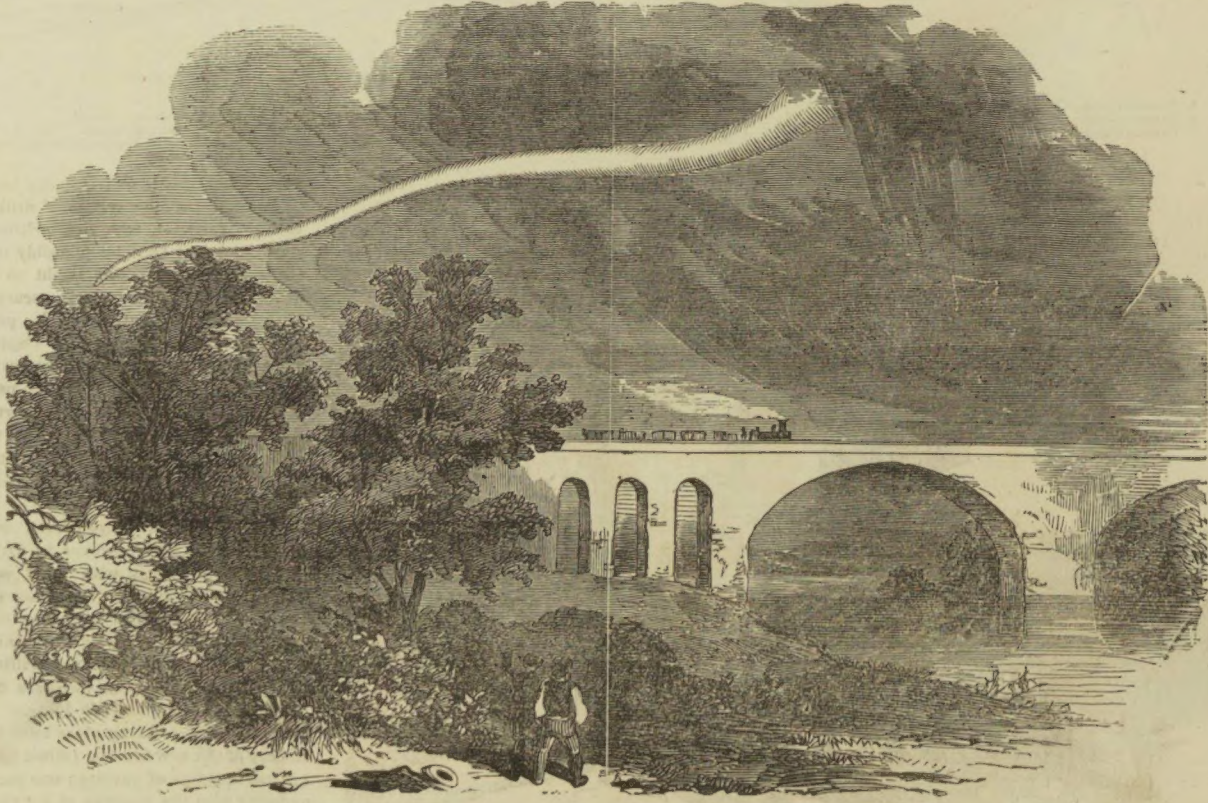
The following report of the target average practice will enable any person to judge of the proficiency of the ball firing, on the celebrated practice-ground, at Vincennes:—

TARGET 6 FEET BY 4.		TARGET 10 FEET BY 6.	
Hits (out of 10).	Distance (in yards).	Hits (out of 100).	Distance (in yards).
81	400	30	1000
65	500	32	1100
45	600	12	1200
31	700	6	1300
33	800		
35	900		

WATERSPOUT IN BERKSHIRE.

(From a Correspondent.)

At Maidenhead, on Tuesday, the 14th ult., I witnessed the following, from the hotel at the foot of the bridge. The day was fine, with occasional showers; and a rather heavy thunder-cloud had just passed over, moving, as nearly as I could judge, in a north-western direction. The shower was abating when my attention was drawn to this appearance.



WATERSPOUT SEEN NEAR THE TOWN OF MAIDENHEAD.

From the blackest part of the thunder-cloud extended a vast whirl of water, I should think about a quarter of a mile in length. It did not touch the ground, but gradually diminished to a point at about sixty or eighty feet above it, and seemed to be trailed along in a wavy shape by the progress of the cloud to which it was attached—just as a pennon on a calm day would float from the mast of a steamer in slow motion. The tube-like formation of the water was clearly apparent, and the whole of its surface was in most rapid circular or spiral motion; the vaporous substance of which it was composed being occasionally thrown out with some slight irregularity by the centrifugal force of this rotation. With all this, however, the Waterspout preserved its general shape during the whole time of its continuance. The lower end appeared to be but a few hundred yards distant from me. I judged that it could not have been much farther away from the exceeding distinctness with which I could discern the spiral movement of every part of the Spout. In about a quarter of an hour from the moment when I first observed it, the Spout became detached from the cloud at its upper end, and so remained floating by itself, still whirling round in the same manner, and without changing its form, until, by insensible degrees, it dissipated; the thinner portion nearest the ground being the last to disappear.

During the whole time of its continuance the air seemed still, and I could detect no commotion underneath where the waterspout appeared to terminate. There were, occasionally, slight flashes of lightning and low thunder; and when the waterspout disappeared, the rain seemed to be falling tremendously from that part of the cloud to which the spout had been attached, but which had then drifted to some distance away. There was no sound audible, though the Waterspout moved round with great velocity; and this motion was plainly perceptible even where it joined the cloud. I have seen waterspouts at sea, and elsewhere, but none which presented so extraordinary an appearance as the above: against the dark background of cloud, it showed a comparatively light colour; and its prodigious size and rapid spiral motion, while in other respects it remained stationary, produced an imposing effect which I despair of being able by any description to convey. The strong impression which its appearance gave me was that the passage of some fluid through the tube caused the rotary action of its surface; for the absolute stillness of the air negated the supposition that the whirling motion could have been occasioned by the meeting of adverse currents of wind. What increases the probability of this supposition is that the hollow portion of the tube was of unvarying dimensions, so long as the Waterspout lasted. The time at which this phenomenon occurred was about three o'clock p.m. Soon afterwards the rain ceased, and the evening was fair and calm.

I send with this a sketch made from memory, which the testimony of four or five persons who were at Maidenhead with me pronounces to be accurate.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

Gloucester-terrace, Hyde-park.

E. E. KAY.

[Another account of this phenomenon has been forwarded to Mr. Glaisher, by W. C. Metford, Esq., closely agreeing with the above.]

AN ACCOUNT OF THE WONDERFUL ESCAPE OF THE BARQUE "ADELAIDE" FROM BEING TOTALLY DESTROYED BY FIRE.

BY EDWARD W. S. DRIFFIELD, PASSENGER.

IN this splendid vessel (A. R. N. Tremearne, commander), with a fair wind, we left the Light Ship, off Port Adelaide, for London, on the morning of the 1st January, 1853, with the following cabin-passengers:—Mrs. Crawford (the widow of the late George Crawford, Esq., one of the judges at Adelaide), four children, and servant; the Rev. T. P. Wilson, child, and servant; Mrs. Matheson and two children, Mr. and Mrs. Mackie, Mr. T. Coffin (surgeon); Messrs. T. A. Hunt, Peter Skinner, and the writer. Our valuable cargo consisted of 40,667 ounces of gold, 4228 cakes of copper, 5694 ingots of ditto, twenty-three bags of lead ore, 1521 bales of wool, 2839 horns; besides bones, hoofs, whalebone, &c. We were highly favoured in our voyage until we arrived in long. 67° 23' E., lat. 25° 13' S., on the 4th February; when, at thirty minutes past three a.m., it was discovered that the wool had ignited from spontaneous combustion. This discovery naturally created much alarm, especially among the ladies; but in a short time they recovered their presence of mind, and to their praise be it spoken, kept themselves quiet and out of the way, so that the gentlemen were able to assist the crew in carrying out Captain Tremearne's excellent arrangements for subduing the fire. The smoke was first seen issuing from the after-hatchway, and every precaution was immediately adopted to keep the fire under. The deck was scuttled under the poop-ladders, and immense quantities of water poured down; the pump-boxes were drawn, and chalk thrown below. At four a.m. the captain hauled up for the island of Rodriguez. We all had to vacate the cuddy in a very short time, on account of the fearful heat and smoke. Eleven a.m.: Breeze light. The launch was got into the tackles, and provisions and water got ready for her. At noon the island of Rodriguez was found to be distant 401 miles. The flames burst through the cover of the after-hatchway, but we fortunately succeeded in extinguishing them. Lowered the launch into the water, and provisioned and watered her, and also the quarter-boats, which were kept ready for lowering at a moment's notice. All hands employed pouring water down the scuttles. Three p.m.: Observed much smoke about the main-mast; and at four p.m. the flames broke out round it, but were extinguished. At five p.m. we expected the fire to overpower us and break out every minute; so the ladies, married men, children, and servants were put into the launch, which towed astern very easily; Mr. Ellis, the chief officer, being in charge, with three hands. The captain, however, encouraged all hands on board to continue the efforts that had been already made to save the ship; and the water was kept as abundantly supplied as previously. In the steward's cabin and pantry the smoke and heat were very great. At midnight the breeze was increasing, and the weather squally. Doubled the topsails, and furling the courses, as they created a draught on the deck; also furling the light sails. Smoke to be observed issuing from every crevice. The water kept going all night.

SATURDAY, 5th Feb.—Four a.m.: Set maintopgallant-sail. The fire, to all appearance, seemed to be between the main and mizen masts. The carpenter cut holes in the deck—one on each side the main-mast; one amidships; one in the steward's cabin, pantry, and in the cuddy; also, just abaft the mizen-mast—for the purpose of admitting the water into the hold; all these holes being immediately covered with wet blankets, &c., to exclude the air. The bulwarks being perfectly tight, the deck and cuddy were flooded with water, and hands stationed at the different holes, to uncover them, when, with the motion of the ship, the water rolled over them; and to cover them again the instant the water receded, so as to admit no air whatever into the hold. Ten a.m.: Had three good lines fast to the launch, which towed astern very well. Smoke appeared somewhat less. Set flying-jib, main-royal, and gaff-topsail. Threw all the hay overboard, keeping only sufficient for the present use of the stock; and, as all the grain was below, the poultry were all killed. The greatest quantity of smoke now issued from the steward's cabin. Twelve p.m.: Island of Rodriguez distant 330 miles. Moderate trade wind, and fine. Water as plentifully supplied as ever. The captain encouraging every one by his tone and example. The heat in the cuddy was most intense in the afternoon; and it was considered advisable to knock down all the cabins and throw them overboard, which was effected with considerable difficulty; and great destruction consequently took place of the passengers' baggage; but it was for the safety of the ship, and therefore unavoidable. Threw two hen-coops overboard that were in the way. The carpenter then cut several holes in the poop and cuddy-decks; and hose were led between the two decks into the hold, every hole in the poop-deck being covered with blankets, &c., except at the time water was being poured down: water was supplied to these holes in immense quantities. At eight p.m., the fire, to all appearance, was very much subdued, but the water was kept going as usual, and all hands were divided into quarter watches for the night. The weather being equally at times, all small sails were furling. Midnight: Weather fine. Everything quiet and all apparently buried in deep sleep, except the water gang on duty.

SUNDAY, 6th Feb.—Four a.m.: The launch towing very well. Seven a.m.: Capt. Tremearne read prayers. The appearance of the fire was decidedly less threatening, and there was very little smoke in the steward's cabin but the heat in the cuddy was as great as ever. The endeavours, however, to keep it under were not at all relaxed, but a hose from the head pump was led into the lower fore-castle, and the

pump kept constantly going. Twelve p.m.: Made sail. The weather fine. Island of Rodriguez distant 255 miles. Six p.m.: Captain Tremearne again read prayers. Eight p.m.: Very little outward appearance of fire; but the cuddy full of steam, and fearfully hot. Took in the main-royal. Set the quarter-watches to keep the water going all night. Midnight: Weather fine.

MONDAY, 7th February.—At daylight: So much less smoke and steam in the cuddy, that we could see fore and aft through it. Eight a.m.: Captain Tremearne read prayers. The fire appeared to be out; but the heat in the cuddy still intolerable, and the captain would not permit the water-gangs to be at all idle. Twelve p.m.: Island of Rodriguez distant 112 miles. Six p.m.: Captain Tremearne read prayers. Eight p.m.: Fire much the same as this morning. Heat still as great in the cuddy. Set the quarter-watches, and kept the water going all night. Midnight: Cloudy, with light winds.

TUESDAY, 8th Feb.—Eight a.m.: The captain read prayers. The fire still appeared extinguished, and there was much less steam than the day previous. Twelve p.m.: Weather fine. The water kept supplied the whole day, in as great abundance as usual. Half-past three p.m.: The fire still appearing subdued, the captain considered he might venture to take the passengers in the launch on board again; this was accordingly effected, and fortunately without the least mishap; and the launch kept towing astern all night, in charge of Mr. Ellis and three hands. Six p.m.: Saw the island of Rodriguez bearing W. by S., distant twelve or fourteen miles. Now, however, the appearance of immediate danger from the fire being so much less, and the entrance to North Port being surrounded with dangerous reefs, combined with the fact that the cables could not be got up from below, and also that the courses could not be set, on account of the draught they created on deck, as before stated, Captain Tremearne thought it most advisable to run for the Mauritius; as, under existing circumstances, there was every probability, if he attempted to put into Rodriguez, that he would be obliged to run the ship ashore where she would inevitably become a total wreck, and most likely the extremely valuable cargo would have been lost with her—to say nothing of the great suffering and inconvenience it would have occasioned to the passengers. Seven p.m.: The Rev. T. P. Wilson, being again on board, read prayers. Eight p.m.: Island of Rodriguez, bearing S.W. by W. Set the quarter-watches to supply the water all night. Midnight: Cloudy.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 9th.—Eight a.m.: Mr. Wilson read prayers. The captain considered the launch impeded the progress of the vessel very much; he therefore decided to take her on board, and the carpenter placed skids from the bulwarks to the spars for her to rest on, so that she might be launched at a moment's notice in a case of necessity. Twelve p.m.: Round Island, distant 239 miles. Very considerable steam, and the heat very great in the cuddy. The water-gangs hard at work as usual. Four p.m.: Got the launch on the skids, the second reefs shaken out, and the foresail set. Six p.m.: Mr. Wilson read prayers. Hauled up the foresail again, as it caused too great a draught on the deck. Eight p.m.: Heat very intense, in the cuddy. Quarter-watches continually throwing water below during the night. Midnight: Fine.

THURSDAY, 10th Feb.—Daylight: the steam decidedly less in the cuddy. Nine a.m.: Mr. Wilson read prayers. Got the anchors over the side, but could not get at the cables, on account of the heat and steam. Twelve p.m.: Fine. Round Island, distant 101½ miles. Pumps kept going, and the supply of water to the different holes was abundant. Heat in the cuddy still unbearable. Six p.m.: Mr. Wilson read prayers. Eight p.m.: Fine. Set the quarter-watches for the water for the night. Eleven p.m.: Very heavy rain. The ladies, and all hands, being on the poop, got thoroughly drenched. Midnight: Cloudy.

FRIDAY, 11th Feb.—One a.m.: Rain at times. At daylight saw Round Island, bearing W. by N. ½ N. Nine a.m.: Mr. Wilson read prayers. Cut a hole before the chain-locks and the carpenter went below, and with the greatest difficulty, on account of the intense heat and steam, succeeded in passing the ends of the cables up the pipes. Ten a.m.: Round Island. Two p.m.: Rounded the Gunner's Quoin, ran along the land, and hoisted signal No. 4791, "Send me a steamer immediately," but no notice whatever was taken of it. Wind very baffling and light. Seven p.m.: Mr. Thomson, the pilot, came on board, and took charge. Mr. Wilson read prayers. Ten p.m.: Let go the anchor at the Bell-buoy, off the Harbour of Port Louis, Mauritius.

SATURDAY, 12th Feb.—Eight a.m.: After prayers, Captain Tremearne took us all ashore, and lodged us at the Hotel Masse, Port Louis; and what luggage we had saved was conveyed ashore and lodged in the Custom-house, that we might each pick out our own things. Two p.m.: The captain went with the steamer and towed the *Adelaide* into harbour, Mr. Frost, the Superintendent of the Fire Brigade, was alongside immediately with two engines, and after playing for some time into the cuddy to cool it, pumped fresh air down into the after-scuttle, in order to enable them to get up the gold, which was done with much difficulty, the heat being still most intense; and Captain Tremearne had the satisfaction of seeing it safely lodged in the bank by ten p.m.

SUNDAY, 13th Feb.—When they commenced discharging the wool, they discovered that there was still a very considerable body of fire in one part of the cargo, so that the fire-engines were obliged to keep playing incessantly about the after-hatch. The whole of the wool was found to be damaged, more or less, by fire or salt water (some of the bales being entirely consumed), and was sold on account of the Underwriters.

The following extract from the Surveyors' report will show the damage done to the ship:—"Four lower-deck beams abaft the main-mast badly burnt; four upper-deck beams partly burnt. The 'tween-decks, from the mizen-mast to the forepart of the after hatchway, are much burnt. A filling piece between two of the lower beams abaft the after-hatchway we found completely burnt through to the timbers. The main-mast is slightly burnt; and the underneath part of the upper deck abaft the main-mast is badly burnt." They also add:—"We further certify that, during our attendance on board, whilst the cargo was in course of being landed, we found the wool in a state of ignition, and that the fire was only kept under by constantly working the fire-engines alongside."

The feelings of the passengers, from the time the fire broke out until they arrived at the Isle of France, may be better imagined than described; as also the great suffering and inconvenience to which the females especially and other passengers who were in the boat towing astern, were subjected for four days and four nights—in the day-time being under an almost vertical sun, and at night without any protection from the weather; which, however, most providentially, was extremely fine, with the exception of one night after they were taken on board again. Those only who were with us during that painful week can estimate how much we have to be thankful for to that merciful Providence who watched over and protected us throughout our great peril, and permitted us to reach the Mauritius in safety. Provisions were cooked on board and lowered to those in the launch every day, so that the boat's stock might be left untouched for a case of emergency.

I do not think that too much praise can be awarded to Captain Tremearne for his conduct in the trying position in which he was placed. His arrangements throughout were made in a systematic manner, by which all confusion and disorder were avoided; and, when not necessarily otherwise employed, he was as active a member of the water-gang as any one. However subdued the fire appeared, he would not permit the supply of water to be at all diminished; and his good judgment in this respect was established when we arrived at Mauritius, by the great body of fire that was discovered to be still smouldering among the cargo. His judgment, also, in passing Rodriguez was considered in Port Louis to have been very good; as, under the disadvantages before mentioned, there was every probability of the ship being lost, and a very slight chance of the gold being saved, to say nothing of the copper, &c.

In closing my remarks on Captain Tremearne, I only regret that I have to report his having met with a most serious accident at Mauritius, on the night of the 12th February, the first after our arrival on shore. He had gone to bed at the Hotel Masse at an early hour; but in his sleep he got up and jumped through his bedroom window, which was distant 14 feet from the ground, breaking his left arm, and cutting his face considerably. This unfortunate accident (though slight to what it might have been) of course occasioned him very great pain and inconvenience while at Mauritius; but I am glad to say that when we left he was regaining the use of his arm rapidly, and will, I hope, soon be able to use it equally with the right arm.

The Sunday after our arrival there was a public thanksgiving on our behalf at the church; and, two or three days afterwards, living on our behalf a letter to Captain Tremearne, complimenting him highly on his conduct during the time the ship was on fire, and sympathising with him in his recent severe accident. I am sure the passengers generally have to acknowledge the kind sympathy and hospitality they met with on their arrival at Port Louis, from the inhabitants.

After the necessary repairs had been made to the ship, and a cargo of sugar had been taken in to replace the wool, the barque *Adelaide*, with her original passengers, resumed her voyage to London on the 24th March, where she arrived on the 13th June; the only casualty which occurred during her voyage being the death of Mr. Thomas Coffin, the surgeon, on the 5th May.

THE CAMP AT CHOBHAM.

ON Thursday morning week, the troops were surprised at an early hour, by the signal from Lord Seaton for a general turn out, it having been supposed, after the Grand Event of Tuesday, that no further manoeuvres would take place until the end of the week. The morning, however, was exceedingly fine, and the various regiments evinced the utmost promptitude and alacrity in getting under arms. By ten o'clock, the troops were paraded and underwent the usual inspection by the colonels commanding, in front of their respective encampments. Lord Seaton, the Commander-in-Chief, accompanied by his staff, arrived on the ground immediately afterwards; when the whole of the forces moved off to the extensive plain known as Cattens Valley, which is in a direction from the Camp directly contrary to that occupied by the troops when they had the honour of being reviewed by her Majesty on Tuesday. As an exercise ground merely, Cattens Valley is, perhaps, not so desirable a field as the other; but, for the purposes of sham fights, and the encounter of real difficulties as in actual war, with heights for manœuvring, and the accommodation of spectators who can command a view of the entire area, it would be impossible, perhaps, to find its equal. The first regiment on the ground was that of the 93rd Highlanders; immediately followed by the 38th Regiment, the Rifle Battalion, and the batteries of the Royal Horse Artillery. The 1st Life Guards, the 17th Lancers, the 6th Carabiniers, and the 4th Dragoon Guards, under the command of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, occupied the right, adjoining Colonel Challoner's plantation. The Household Brigade, consisting of the 1st battalion of Grenadier Guards, the 1st battalion of Scots Fusiliers, and the 1st battalion of Coldstream Guards, under the command of Colonel Bentinck, together with three companies of the Sappers and Miners, occupied the centre of the line. General Fane's brigade, consisting of the 42nd Highlanders, the 95th and 50th Regiments, occupied the south-west line of the Camp, under the Bagshot road; and General Sir De Lacy Evans's brigade, consisting of the 23rd and 38th Regiments, and the Rifle Battalion, occupied the extreme left. The enemy were supposed to occupy the declivities on the other side of the valley; and the movements began by the 93rd Highlanders sending out detachments to reconnoitre the enemy's position. These immediately afterwards broke into skirmishing order, and continued to advance rapidly until the bugle sounded for a retreat, when the Horse Artillery galloped up; and, having gained the centre of the plain, in advance of the infantry, they unlimbered their guns in an instant, and commenced a furious cannonade upon the heights occupied by the enemy, who were then preparing to descend into the plain. For nearly a quarter of an hour the roar of artillery was incessant, and at intervals the entire camp and lines of troops were perfectly enveloped in smoke. The signal to cease firing and retreat having sounded, the guns were limbered up, the men mounted, and the batteries flying across the plain with a noise like thunder. The foot regiments then formed into line, stretching across the Common as far as the eye could reach; and file firing began. This was a beautiful part of the panorama, as the front and rear ranks loaded and fired as fast as possible; and, being unassociated with any idea of blood or carnage, it resembled the fireworks of a *fête champêtre*, to hear the roar of musketry and watch the lightning of the discharges as it flickered capriciously along the line. During this time the Rifle Battalion formed a body of reserve, intended to act as a cover for the left flank; and, when the bugles had sounded for the retreat of the line, they broke into skirmishing order over the entire field, and kept up an incessant fire from every clump of heather—from which it was impossible to distinguish their dark uniform, except by the fire of their rifles. In a few minutes afterwards, the Horse Artillery was seen to emerge, to the great astonishment of the spectators, at the other end of the line from which it had retreated, having made a *détour* behind the small hills, and gone from left to right. Here it opened another tremendous fire for the purpose of covering the retreating movement; and it was a fine sight to see the solid masses of infantry retreating steadily to the shelter of the batteries, and the cavalry forming into squadrons preparatory to scouring the plain. The light companies having been called in, the firing of the artillery ceased; and then came the magnificent charge of cavalry, which, even had there been a real instead of an imaginary enemy, must have been equally irresistible. After the charge, the cavalry returned to their former position on the right, when several complicated, but beautiful manœuvres were performed, to the great admiration of the spectators. The operation lasted nearly four hours, during which the weather remained highly favourable—indeed to the troops it must have been rather oppressive. The Highland regiments, as usual, attracted marked attention, not only by the picturesque character of their costume, but also by the excellence and precision which seem to mark all their movements. It is invidious, however, to distinguish between any of the regiments or brigades in this respect, for it is generally admitted that a finer body of troops never occupied the "tented field."

During Thursday a memorandum was published by Lord Seaton, for the information of the troops, with regard to the formation of lines and columns.

FRIDAY.

It was expected that, in accordance with previous notification, this would have been another grand field day, but it had transpired on Thursday that the authorities had altered their determination in this respect, and that in future Friday is to be regarded in the Camp as a sort of *dies non*. Several reasons were alleged by the quidnuncs for this change; the principal one being that the movements of the troops were impeded and obstructed by the vast number of spectators who had assembled, as on the previous Tuesday, to witness the evolutions; and that henceforth the authorities had determined to act on the public, as well as on the army, by a series of surprises. The truth, however, we believe is, that whatever inconvenience may have been felt from the large attendance of spectators, no complaint whatever has been made of it, and the authorities are exceedingly gratified at the well-behaved and unobtrusive demeanour of the populace; but a change from Friday to Saturday has been made solely from a desire to consult the convenience of the two Houses of Parliament, many of whose members are distinguished officers in the army, and who cannot attend their regimental and Parliamentary duties at the same time. We believe this to be the sole cause of the change; but, even had no change taken place, it was impossible, in the state of the weather on Friday to indulge in more than the ordinary parade of troops. During the forenoon, on Friday, the wind was so violent that several of the tents were blown down, and a few of them considerably damaged. In the early part of the morning, before parade, the 93rd Highlanders struck their tents, for the purpose of airing them, and they of course escaped the squall. Some alarm was created on a part of the Common, near the Staines road, by the heath taking fire; but, by the aid of the Sappers and Miners, it was soon got under. From the dampness of the ground, and the consequent bad odour given to the straw on which they lie, the men find it beneficial to health to strike their tents frequently. The number of spectators on Friday was very considerable; and their disappointment at the absence of any very manœuvres, except on the part of omnibus conductors, of all kinds of expressed in very unequivocal terms. Had they been more patient, however, the economy of gunpowder by

THE ARRIVAL OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT,

who, accompanied by Lord de Ros and Colonel Phipps, to the astonishment of the entire Camp, made his appearance, in an open carriage, drawn by four greys, precisely at five o'clock. The Royal standard was at once hoisted on Magnet Hill, and his Royal Highness proceeded on foot to inspect the tents. Neither Lord Seaton nor the Duke of Cambridge was at this moment at the Camp, but orderlies were despatched to them, to announce the event, by Lieut.-Colonel Wood, the Assistant-Adjutant-General. During the progress of inspection, the Prince seemed highly diverted when he approached the encampment of the 93rd Highlanders, by seeing a number of the men employed with great hilarity in dancing the Highland Fling. The soldiers were evidently unconscious of his Royal Highness's presence, and threw into their gesticulations all the grotesqueness of native agility, which frequently excited the Royal laughter. Lord Seaton came on the ground before his Royal Highness had completed the inspection of the tents, and returned with him to the Royal Pavilion, where they were met by the Duke of Cambridge, who had just arrived. It now became generally known that it was the intention of his Royal Highness Prince Albert to pass the night in Camp; and it was immediately surmised that there was to be a "surprise" before morning. This rumour was in some degree fortified by the fact that an additional amount of ammunition had been ordered to be served out to the troops. This, however, turned out ultimately to be

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HER MAJESTY, ROYAL VISITORS, AND STAFF, AT THE CAMP AT CHOBHAM.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR JULY.

THE closing Paris season has left a few elegancies which are worthy of record. At a grand ball at St. Cloud, a short time since, the dresses of the ladies were remarkable for their delightful freshness, and light colours, appropriate to the season. The dark-coloured dresses of the winter assemblies had given place to fresh and charming light colours: all the head-dresses were of natural flowers, as were also the ornaments of the bodies and skirts of dresses. Flowers and bouquets of straw-work—a charming novelty—were also worn.

This year, white is much worn for summer dress; not only for balls, but also for morning and visiting dresses. In the morning, a *peignoir* of



white *jaconet*, festooned all round with *coutil Anglais faconné*, or *jaconet* striped lengthwise or across, or in squares, is worn. For walking dress—the *nansouk* is worked on an embroidered band on the border and the large sleeves of the season. For evening, white muslin embroidered—the volants trimmed with Mechlin or Valenciennes lace—is an elegant dress. The bodies à *basques*, are open in front and trimmed with small volants, like the petticoat; the volant of the basque appearing to form the last volant of the petticoat. *Organdie*, *tarlatane*, and *tulle* are also employed in the same manner as muslin. The embroideries are either small flowers spread over the dress, or garlands on the borders of the volants. For persons who do not require such juvenile dresses, printed *jaconet* is much worn: the grounds are generally white, with very small bouquets or patterns, blue, lilac, and light violet. The petticoat is plain; the body closed; and the basquine ornamented with plain bands. When the petticoats are à *volants*, the band of the basquine is festooned, and appears to make another volant to the petticoat. These bodies are also trimmed with a *bouillonné*.

Foulard dresses, discarded of late years, appear likely to come into

vogue a little this year. They are worn printed in all styles, and more covered with patterns than other dresses. This material has an advan-



tage for ladies who travel, as it can be packed in trunks without being spoiled or rumpled.



Taffetas is the only silk which is worn this season. It is made of the lightest colours, with squares formed of a single thread, very thin, and scarcely visible. We remarked a few days since, in a shop, a dress of singular though distinguished appearance. It was of taffetas, green or blue, very light, with five volants; on which there are three black stripes of unequal width, these stripes being woven into the stuff, and consequently softened by the light colour of the ground. The border of each volant is ornamented with an *effilé mélangé* of the colours or shades of the dress. The body is ornamented with two black bands of similar *effilé*; and three rows of similar trimmings, nearly covering all the sleeve, complete this dress. Scarf mantelets continue to be worn square in front, and trimmed in the manner we described lately. The shape of bonnets has not undergone any change.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Cap of Guipure, with pink ribbons, open taffetas, and long ends of



ribbon. Body in *jaconet* or *piqué Anglais*, white, embroidered on the front with two small white braidings or galloons, placed flat on each side. The *Basquine à dents*, embroidered, as well as the sleeves and the jockeys; the borders of the volants ornamented with narrow Mechlin lace, put on very low. Petticoat, plaid with volants.

Bonnet of Rice Straw, white, with small feathers *choux* (cabbage) on each side. Mantelet scarf of taffetas, ornamented with dark trimming above; and with another, forming the head of the volant of lace.

Straw Bonnet, ornamented with a garland of flowers advancing from one side nearly to the border of the poke; the crown is of taffetas ribbon, ornamented on each side with narrow blonde very low. The middle of the poke bears a *bouillonné*; and on the edge is a slight trimming of blonde.

Bonnet in Tulle and Lace, ornamented with flowers, call "snow-balls." Head-Dress for a young lady: very simple and very pretty, in small cock's feathers, mixed with fuschias of the same colour.

THE FRENCH COMMISSION ON THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1851.

It will doubtless be in the recollection of our readers that the Commission appointed by the French Government to represent the interests of that country at the memorable gathering of 1851 included some of the *élite* of the scientific and artistic names of France. It appears that, on the completion of their arduous labours as jurors in this country, each juror, upon his return home, engaged in the herculean task of preparing a history of the progress, since the general peace, of the arts and sciences comprised within his special jury. A body of information upon every branch of industry emanating from such high authority, will of necessity command universal attention, and may be expected to give rise to no slight amount of controversy. These reports, which have been twenty months in preparation, were presented with great pomp by all the members of the Commission to the Emperor, at the Tuilleries, a few days ago, at a special audience, granted by his Majesty for that purpose. The Emperor received the Commission most graciously. He assured them that he placed the highest value upon the importance of their labours, brought to so successful a consummation; and promised them that the publication of their reports should be carried out in a manner worthy of France, and befitting their great importance. The hopes expressed by the Commission for the maintenance of peace were in conformity with his own; all his efforts were directed towards that end; and it was his conviction, he said, that the peace would not be disturbed. The Emperor knew the services rendered by the Commission, and would again call them into requisition for the Universal Exhibition, about to take place in Paris. He congratulated the President personally upon the patriotism and talent evinced by him in the accomplishment of his important and arduous task; and ended by thanking the Commission in the name of France, worthily represented by her exhibition and their judges.

Baron Charles Dupin, the President of the Commission, handed to his Majesty a Report, containing a *résumé* of its labours. This is—notwithstanding its somewhat peculiarly French style—in every respect a very remarkable document, and a translation, therefore, will not be unacceptable to our readers. The concluding portion—which we shall give in our next number—is more especially devoted to a comparative glance at the industry of the various nations in general, and to the future prospects of the industry of France in particular. It, moreover, forebadows the nature of the great work which will, doubtless, ere long be published by the French Government:—

Sire,—Since the conclusion of the general peace, the arts and sciences have made immense progress. We were sent to London to compare and judge of such of their results as might be useful to nations. We had scarcely returned when your Majesty decided that the picture of human

industry, such as it had been unfolded to our gaze, should be presented to you by the French Commission. We complete our mission in submitting to your Majesty the account of our labours.

Since she emerged from her first revolution, France has eleven times given the world the spectacle of a national competition between all the useful arts. At each exhibition she has awarded prizes based on equity, according to the degrees of invention and of services rendered by industry to society. Such solemnities were engendered by a more enlightened spirit than that which gave birth to these Olympic games, so famous in antiquity—these gatherings where the zenith of glory consisted in chariots being outstripped by chariots, and coursers by coursers. Under nobler inspirations, France appealed to the genius of science, enlightening and fertilising the arts, inviting it to contest the prizes of a race where every step was an onward one towards the welfare of man and the power of the state.

Foreign nations accustomed to owe to us the initiative of institutions useful to the progress of society, gradually resolved to follow our example. Italy, Spain, Belgium, Prussia, Austria, Russia, and the Scandinavian States, have established in turn, on the model of our own, their national exhibitions. England alone remained behind-hand, and apparently disdained these disinterested and glorious solemnities.

Our Exhibition of 1849 had, more than any of the preceding ones, attracted universal attention. Its striking results were manifested by the distribution of the rewards. In England they led to a project the least expected. Let us do justice to the author of this innovation. An enlightened Prince, who, by his birth, did not receive insular prejudices—the Prince who, according to the laws of his adopted country, seated by the side of the Throne, can only be its first subject—his Royal Highness Prince Albert exercised an authority purely voluntary; he exerted his influence over the master-minds to realise an idea of which the disasters of 1848 had alone deprived France. He had learnt that, in England, nothing great is possible that has not commenced by being popular—and such he had the art of rendering the idea of making in London an appeal to the industry of all nations. On the 3rd of January, 1850, a proclamation of Queen Victoria appointed the Royal Commission entrusted with the management of the Universal Exhibition, the opening of which was fixed for the spring of 1851. This Commission numbered amongst its members the presidents of the great artistic and scientific societies of the capital, and the Chairman of the East India Company; it comprised, also, the principal Privy Councillors of the Crown, and the representatives of the various shades of political opinion, the *ensemble* of which consolidates, instead of dividing, the sovereign authority. By the side of Lord John Russell, Lord Granville, and Lord Ellesmere, might be seen seated the Earl of Derby and the Duke of Buccleuch, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Baring—even Mr. Cobden, and Sir Robert Peel, who was destined for so short a time to render illustrious by his presence an assembly so worthy to number him amongst its members; and the Royal Commission was presided over with admirable propriety, combined with infinite gracefulness, by the Prince Consort of the Queen.

On one occasion only the President of the French Commission had to appear in the midst of this grave council; it was for the purpose of defending, in the name of the Arts, the graduated rewards; and especially those for the highest order of merit, promised to the nations. There were grouped together—silent, attentive, and imposing—the statesmen who, for a third-of-a-century, have in turns swayed the

destinies of the immense empire whose power they have doubled. The stranger ushered within their presence experienced somewhat of the impression felt by Cineas on crossing the threshold of the Roman Senate.

The great manufacturing towns of the United Kingdom, when they had given in their adhesion to the proposal of a Universal Exhibition, had not dissimulated their repugnance to the prizes, which were to classify the merit of individuals and nations. Nevertheless, in the appeal made to the various nations, it had not only been announced that prizes would be awarded, but even the designs for the medals which were to represent them had been put up for competition.

From the very outset the Royal Commission evinced the liberal spirit by which it was guided. It awarded the palm to the imagination of a French artist, M. Bonnardel, for the design of the medal intended to reward the highest order of merit. It carried courtesy even further; it requested the Preliminary Commission which had been appointed in France, to select the most celebrated amongst our artists, to execute the die of this work of art, so that it might be entirely French.

The Preliminary Commission, in turn, requested the Institute to make a selection to which the Academy of Fine Arts alone could impart weight and authority. M. Domard, the artist chosen, has by his work fulfilled the expectations of France and England. After the completion of these preliminaries, it became necessary to appoint the thirty-six French jurors summoned to maintain the rights of our exhibitors in a general jury of three hundred members elected from all nations.

It is not our province to characterise the selection made by a Minister of Commerce, M. Schneider, worthy of understanding the requirements and honour of the national industry; but if, by our labours and efforts, we have fulfilled the expectations of our country, we thank him most cordially for having afforded us the opportunity of his serving it.

The French Commission, formed mainly from the *élite* of the quinquennial juries, was adorned and completed by the addition of justly celebrated fellow-labourers. It numbered amongst its body fifteen members belonging to three Academies of the Institute of France. Amongst their number was, as was fitting, the former Minister of Commerce, who so zealously aided in the preliminaries of the Exhibition, and who only quitted his portfolio to take his place amongst his peers and friends. By the side of him were the President of the Chamber of Commerce of Paris, and of the council-general of manufactures, the professors of that *Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers* which England is about to imitate, engineers of distinguished renown, and seven persons engaged in arts and manufactures, who at the competition of national industry had already been rewarded by two, three, or four gold medals. Twenty associates, worthy of the principles, were chosen, their number comprising, as a representative of science, his Imperial Highness Prince Louis Lucien Napoleon.

On learning these nominations, the English Commission did not confine itself to compliments dictated by its courtesy. It marked in a manner otherwise flattering, its sense of the selections of our Government. It strengthened their own by the appointment of the most eminent jurors, taken on the one hand from the Peers and the Commons, on the other from the Royal Society of London, justly proud of having been presided over by Newton; and from the Royal Academy of Arts, equally proud of having had at its head a Reynolds. In our turn we are no less proud than happy at having accomplished our labours with coadjutors of such rare merit and so many of whom were known to us by their European renown.

The nations of our Continent and the United States of America manifested a justifiable pride in selecting delegates worthy to take their places by the side of those of England and France.

The result was the memorable assemblage of three hundred representatives of science and art, collected together as a general jury, in the name of the civilised nations of the world.

Amongst these three hundred delegates, the Royal Commission selected, according to their renown, the Presidents of the thirty special Juries and the six groups between which the principal sections of human industry had been allotted.

The thirty Chairmen of Juries, thus appointed, constituted the superior tribunal which was to determine the conditions upon which the different prizes should be awarded.

The deliberations of this body were worthy of the clients and judges. It was a marvellous spectacle of concord and good-will to behold these presidents, the most illustrious of which represented in so striking a manner the discoveries of science and the inventions of industry. Each of these superior minds was happy to find in his fellows a power of knowledge and of truth, which the others found in him. Some of the most eminent amongst the number were surrounded by the halo of a well-earned renown; the fame which had preceded them to the Crystal Palace, added to the authority of the language in which they awarded the degree of esteem and honour obtained by the worthiest competitors at the universal Exhibition. They expounded with no less novelty than superiority the original merit and the intrinsic value of the most admirable products, and the fresh results which might be expected to accrue from them to industry. The merits of the creators of these choice productions were enhanced in the eyes of the judges by the very talent of the expounders. We can only compare such meetings to those conferences of our first grand and normal school, wherein a Monge, a Fourcroy, a Laplace, a Lavoisier, an Obé, a Lagrange, and a Laplace, revealed to the best professors of France, transformed into pupils, a superior and new mode of tuition. The discussions arising from such expositions carried to the mind general convictions, which nearly always manifested themselves by imposing majorities in the votes of the Council of Chairmen.

When the prizes to be awarded were discussed by such high authority, the general feeling was to bestow them for the intrinsic merit of the competitors, without regard to the country to which they might belong. No malevolent imputations were levelled at decisions conceived in so liberal a spirit, even at the moment when the rivals became acquainted with the results in detail, and when they found themselves in the presence of each other.

If any nation had a right to complain, was it not the French? Injured, I might almost say personally, by a decision of the Royal Commission, notified to the body of the juries, that they should revise their first awards upon the following basis:—That the first class medals to be proposed to the Council of Chairmen were not to be conferred for beauty, elegance, and perfection of production, or workmanship only, however eminent.

It was for invention that the palm was mainly reserved. It will be seen that, even in this point of view, France has exhibited a degree of fertility which her rivals do not even seem to have expected. After the labours of the juries were terminated, and the competitors had returned to their respective countries, when the English published the official list of the awards made, the following result was seen with surprise:—For the entire of the foreign nations the proportion of prizes awarded for the highest order of merit, more especially accorded for invention, was eight out of a thousand exhibitors; whilst for France the proportion amounted not to eight, but to thirty.

Struck by such a result, the most eminent men amongst the Royal Commissioners have endeavoured to trace from French institutions the secret of so glaring an inequality. They have studied—we may especially mention Dr. Lyon Playfair—our schools of artistic drawing and geometry, at Lyons, at Nîmes, and at Paris; our central and private school of arts and manufactures; and particularly the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers, which now offers the richest collections and the most complete system of instruction in the sciences applied to the useful arts.

The surplus funds of the £400,000 received at the doors of the Crystal Palace are about to be applied to the imitation of the establishments which we have enumerated.

Others have endeavoured to attribute the great success of our national industry in London to the extraordinary influence, the almost magic, it was said, of the French Commission. We decline this honour. The Commission, far from increasing through its influence the number of our awards, has, from the very nature of its composition, been the means of several being lost to France.

We should have obtained six medals for important branches of industry, if MM. Arnoux, Didot, Faure, Gausson, Randoing, and Sallandrouze had not been jurors. We should have obtained others, and higher ones, if French machine-makers had sent inventions—such as the hydraulic wheel of M. Poncelet, who had not even thought of exhibiting.

(To be Continued.)

THE CAMP AT CHOBHAM.

(Continued from page 543.)

only the result of a general order which is intended to impress upon the officers the necessity of cautioning the men to be always in constant readiness every night, so that they may be ready to turn out under arms at the first beat of tattoo. The order book which is issued every evening did not contain any programme of the following day's proceedings, but merely stated that twenty rounds of ammunition were to be issued to the men in addition to what was already in their pouches, making a total of thirty-five rounds per man. This was considered by the uninitiated a strong circumstantial proof of a surprise being contemplated; but old campaigners were of a different opinion; for they knew that after the surprise it was intended to have a grand field day in Windsor Park, and that the men could not return to Camp until next evening; and that, therefore, it was as necessary for the Commissariat to supply powder for the teeth of both men and horses as it was to create a volley of musketry or a roar of artillery. It was quite clear, however, that there were to be some extraordinary movements next day; and so the men prepared for the coming event, as British soldiers generally do, with "a heart for any fate."

His Royal Highness Prince Albert entertained the Duke of Cambridge, Lord Seaton, and a number of other distinguished officers, in the Royal marquee. The men amused themselves by various athletic games in front of their encampments; and at sunset, when the Royal standard was struck, the scene was truly picturesque. At half-past nine o'clock the signal for the night-watch was given, and at ten o'clock the troops had retired for the night.

SATURDAY.

The morning dawned most inauspiciously, but at the hour of sunrise, although the glorious orb was obscured by a dense mass of clouds, the Royal standard was hoisted on Magnet-hill. The troops were ordered to muster at half-past eight o'clock, but the rain was so incessant that it was impossible to do more than go through the routine of a brief parade in front of the encampments. About eleven o'clock, however, the weather cleared up a little, and the troops, in obedience to command, again appeared in what is called "light marching order." At half-past eleven o'clock His Royal Highness Prince Albert, accompanied by his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge and General Lord Seaton, followed by a numerous and brilliant staff, including several officers of distinction in the service of his Majesty the King of Hanover, left headquarters, and rode along the line; Prince Albert, who was attired in his costume of the Grenadier Guards, of which he took the command during the day, being saluted with the customary honours. The cavalry formed in contiguous close columns, and the infantry in open columns. The troops then proceeded to take up their position on the ground called Cattens Valley, which we have already described as the scene of Thursday's operations. The infantry occupied the centre, with the cavalry and Horse Artillery on the left, and the field batteries on the right. The enemy consisted of a body of the Sappers and Miners, a detachment of the 23rd Regiment, and the carriers of the 6th Dragoon Guards or Carabineers. The whole of the remainder of the forces on the ground formed the attacking party. The movement began by the Lanciers proceeding to take possession of the bridge at the western end of Cattens Valley, adjoining Col. Challenger's plantation, supported by the Rifles. The enemy, who formed a long line of skirmishers, immediately opened fire as soon as this force began its march. The Horse Artillery now moved up to the support of the advancing columns, and opened a heavy cannonade; under cover of which the cavalry and Rifles effected the passage of the bridge, followed in rapid succession by the remainder of the forces. The cavalry, after crossing the bridge, formed into two lines, whilst the infantry formed by companies in the order of battle. The batteries of the artillery were also pushed forward to support the left flank, and occupy a height under which the forces might retreat if hard pressed. After some fighting the enemy retreated, the whole of the forces follow-

ing in rapid pursuit, the infantry and Rifles leading, being formed in close column, with the cavalry and Flying Artillery on the right. In this order the army reached Bagshot Heights, where the Rifles broke up into skirmishing parties, and returned the fire of the enemy's light infantry companies with great rapidity. The enemy now took up a strong position on the hill, from which they were at length routed by a charge of the Life Guards and Lanciers, accompanied by the Horse Artillery, which poured a tremendous fire against the enemy's right flank. When the smoke had cleared away, the 1st Life Guards and Dragoons might be seen deploying into line; and immediately afterwards, supported by the Lanciers and the Carabineers, they performed a splendid charge, which had the effect of driving in the enemy's light companies and turning his right flank. This movement completely changed the whole of the manoeuvres; as the enemy, after a hurried flight, was compelled to change his front, which was so cleverly effected, that it threatened to out-flank the right of the attacking force. To counteract this movement, the attacking troops were also obliged to change their front—which involved a series of brilliant manoeuvres, than which nothing could be more admirable. The movements and counter-movements now became more rapid, and the order and precision with which they were effected, appeared to the unprofessional eye perfectly marvellous. The object of the attacking party was evidently to hem in the enemy and force them up the hill in their rear; which was at last accomplished, although with a great deal of difficulty, for the enemy appeared to evince amazing tact; but the skill and rapidity with which the cavalry and Horse Artillery acted prevented the escape of the enemy's troops through the valley. The enemy made a stand upon the hill; but they were charged with such precipitation by the 95th, 38th, and 50th Regiments, together with the three battalions of Guards, that they seemed to give way; but, in a moment, again the tide of war turned, and the attacking party, after sustaining and returning a tremendous fire, which lasted for half an hour, received orders to retreat.

The next series of movements consisted of covering the retreat, which involved numerous masterly manoeuvres. Each regiment successively deployed into line, and commenced file firing, to cover the retreat of the rest of the force. The enemy, however, pressed so hard upon the rear, that they drove in the light companies, and, at one time, threatened the attacking force with total rout. A halt was then sounded, and the whole of the troops once more formed in order of battle. By far the finest movement of the day was reserved for this point of the action, when the Camp forces were again driven back to the little bridge across which, at the commencement, they had driven the enemy. The cavalry formed in the rear of the infantry in masses of columns, and thus recrossed the bridge, protected by the fire of the artillery and Rifles; and finally each regiment formed into line, and retired, protected by the field batteries placed on an adjoining height. The Rifles were the last to retreat. After crossing the bridge, the infantry formed again on the right of the hill, and, supported by the artillery, com-

menced a tremendous fire from both heights. At this moment the scene was awfully grand; the roar of artillery mingled with the trumpet-calls of the cavalry, the incessant discharge of musketry, and the hoarse shouts of commanding-officers, leaving little for the imagination to add to the realities of war. It was now nearly half-past three o'clock, and, the operations for the day being ended, the troops marched back to their respective encampments.

His Royal Highness Prince Albert, accompanied by his suite, rode up to the Pavilion, where he divested himself of his uniform, and partook of luncheon. He appeared again for a moment at one of the entrances, where he took leave of Lord Seaton, his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, and the other Generals commanding, who, during the interview, continued on horseback. His Royal Highness wore a blue frock coat and white hat, and looked in fine health and spirits, evidently unaffected by the fatigues of the day. He then entered an open carriage, drawn by four grey horses, with outriders, and, accompanied by Lord de Ros and Colonel Phipps, drove off through the lines of the Grenadier encampment towards Staines by the public road. His Royal Highness arrived in town at half-past five, and afterwards honoured the officers of the Grenadier Regiment of Foot Guards, of which he is Colonel, with his presence at their annual festival at the London Tavern. Later in the evening his Royal Highness accompanied her Majesty to the Italian Opera, thus giving evidence of a most vivacious and elastic constitution.

SUNDAY.

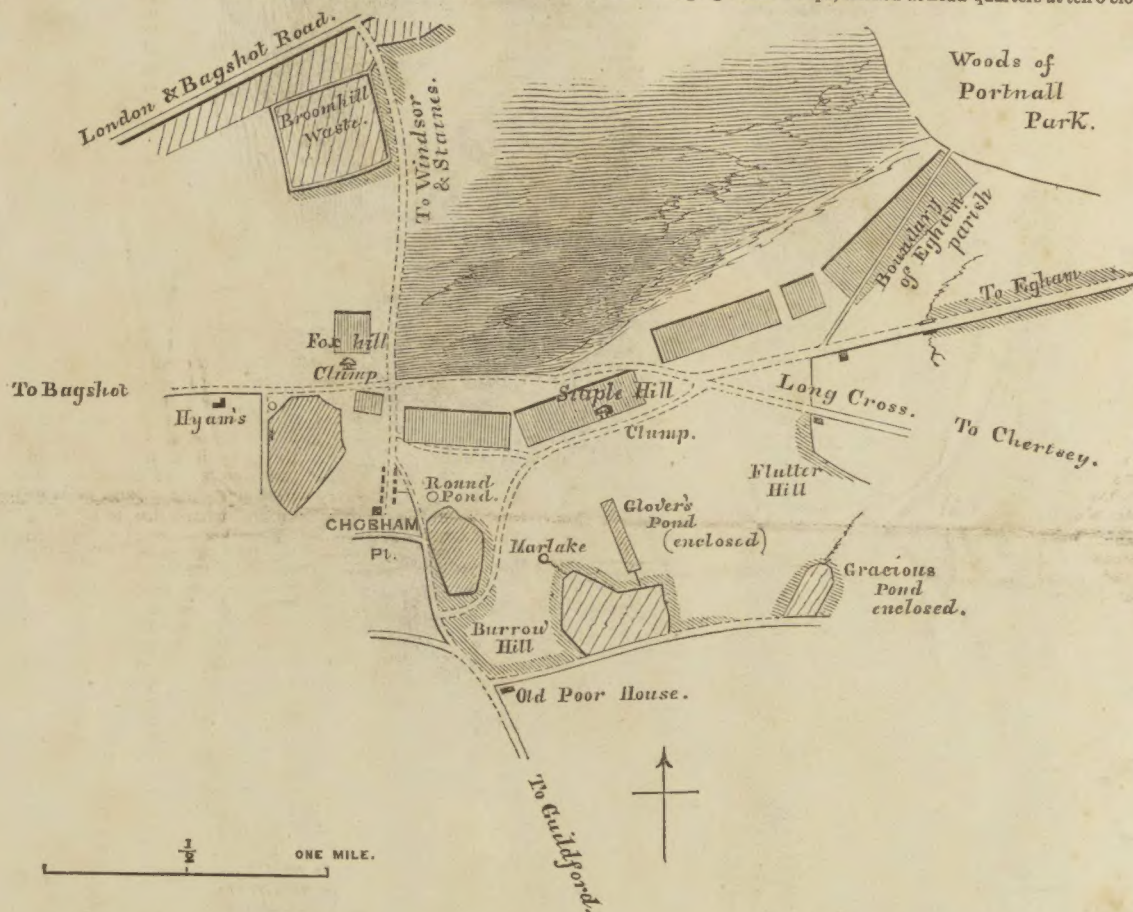
The morning broke again unfavourably; and the rain descended in heavy showers. At ten o'clock the troops were paraded for Divine service. The brigade of cavalry, the Royal Sappers and Miners, and the 42nd Highlanders, mustered opposite the head-quarter camp, between the flag-staff and the Pavilion. The troops formed on three sides of a square, facing inwards, the cavalry on the right, the Guards opposite to them, and the 42nd Highlanders facing head-quarters. The Rev. Mr. Langmead, Vicar of Sunninghill, was in attendance, and performed the appointed service in a very impressive manner.

At half-past eleven o'clock the Royal Artillery and the first brigade of infantry, consisting of the 50th and 95th Regiments, mustered in rear of the hill at Chobham-place, and formed in position similar to the other regiments.

The singing of the appointed psalms by the assembled multitude of voices had a very fine effect from the neighbouring hills. Each of the battalions had a good choir of singers, the treble voices of the drum-boys greatly assisting the harmony.

This imposing scene was witnessed by a great many spectators, all of whom were allowed to approach the troops and take part in the devotions of the day. Apart from the interesting nature of the service, this sight was one of the most gratifying features yet witnessed at the Camp.

The Roman Catholic section of the troops was marched to the rear of Staple-hill, in two detachments; the first consisting of the Roman Catholics belonging to the troops, formed at head-quarters at ten o'clock;



PLAN OF THE CAMP ON CHOBHAM COMMON.

and the remainder, those belonging to the regiments, which formed at Chobham-place at half-past eleven. The service peculiar to persons professing this form of faith was gone through by two priests, whose attendance had been volunteered by the Roman Catholic authorities.

The Presbyterians from the various regiments formed facing the hill, in rear of the lines of the 38th Foot, at half-past ten o'clock.

There were not many visitors at the Camp during the day, the weather proving so very unfavourable. After twelve o'clock it rained incessantly, and the few persons who had arrived from London lost no time in beating a retreat homewards.

MONDAY.

Lord Seaton again "stole a march" on the public, and got away with his invading army to a distant tract of moorland at the foot of the Chobham ridge of hills, nearly five miles from the Encampment, before more than a dozen of spectators had assembled. The troops, too, appeared somewhat disconcerted by the suddenness of the orders; for so little were they prepared for the labours of a field day, that when they assembled on parade in front of their encampments, at nine o'clock in the morning, it was found that they had all left their canteens behind them, which they were dismissed at once to procure, and ordered to carry filled. It will therefore be seen that the movements of Monday were marked by the utmost secrecy; and it is stated by those best acquainted with military tactics, that, in point of practical utility, the evolutions and manoeuvres were superior to any of the previous days' proceedings. At a given signal from Lord Seaton, the Commander-in-Chief of the Camp, the troops marched off towards the highest point of the Chobham ridge, called High Curley, which was supposed to be occupied by the enemy after their retirement from the Bagshot heights on Saturday. The place announced for the rendezvous of the besieging army was a wild and lonely, but undulating plain of vast extent at the base of the ridge, and was approached from the Camp by three separate routes. Lord Seaton and his Staff, with the Royal Artillery, the 17th Lanciers, the 6th Dragoon Guards (Carabineers), and the Rifles, proceeded by the Bagshot road as far as the village of Windlesham, where they turned off towards the scene of action. The other regiments of cavalry took the road by Burrow-hill and Hook-green. The brigade of Guards marched by Chobham, followed by the regiments of the line until they reached the main road leading from the extreme north of the Common to Chobham ridge, where a junction of the forces was effected, and thus the whole army marched forward with the van and rear-guard parties detached, and reached the battle-field in front of the enemy who occupied the central and northern heights. The ground was exceedingly marshy, and fit only for the Highlanders, who plashed through it *con amore*; but it was most uncomfortable for the other regiments of infantry. The enemy was efficiently represented by a company of Sappers and Miners, a troop of Carabineers, a few Guards, and some farriers. The disposition for attack having been made, the forces advanced in three columns, the four regiments of cavalry supported and preceded by the Royal Horse Artillery batteries, under the command of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cam-

bridge, formed the left wing. The three battalions of Foot Guards, marching in open columns, and commanded by Colonel Bentinck, occupied the right; and the centre was composed of the two infantry brigades commanded by General Sir De Lacy Evans and General Fane, made up of the 42nd, 95th, 93rd, 50th, and 38th Regiments, as well as a battalion of Rifles. In this order the whole force advanced with the foot batteries until within range of the heights on which the enemy was posted. The signal for attack having sounded, the Rifle Brigade broke into skirmishing order, and commenced the action with their sharp and rapid fire, which ran across the plain with magical effect; the chief performers, by the aid of bush and hillock, rendering themselves almost instantaneously invisible. In this manner the ascent was gradually continued, until a desirable position was obtained for the field guns, on which they were immediately posted, whilst the Horse Artillery rapidly dashed forward, and swept the heights with a terrific cannonade. At this juncture the brigade of Guards advanced in columns of companies on the right, and the infantry in the centre supporting the advance batteries in the event of the enemy sallying from the heights. His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge manoeuvred his Light Cavalry in advance of the position of the guns, whilst the main body of Heavy Horse followed in support of the whole position. During this time the enemy kept up a sharp fire; and, after the attacking party had ascended a few hundred yards up the hill, they halted, whilst the artillery opened on the left flank of the enemy, and a charge of cavalry was made on the right. At this moment the rage of mimic war was a mere sound, "signifying nothing," compared with the fury of the wind and rain, which seemed to enter into the contention of the scene, and battle for the mastery. This had no effect, however, on the human combatants, who still continued to enact their parts with undiminished vigour; and the advanced regiments of infantry in the centre having arrived within range, they deployed from open column into line, and the 93rd and 38th commenced a tremendous discharge of musketry by file firing, which was taken up by the right wing of the Guards, who fired in companies. As the wind increased in violence, and the nature of the ground became still more harassing, no further advance was made; and it was taken for granted that the enemy was repulsed, and their position occupied by the besieging troops. The enemy having been thus gallantly dislodged from their vantage ground on the heights, were still supposed to be pressing hard on the rear; and the ground being unfit for the operations of cavalry, it was deemed prudent to concentrate the troops on the low ground; and, accordingly, the retreat was sounded; when one of those movements so essential and important in the art of war, and which signally marks the generalship of the commander, was executed with a most finished and soldierlike precision and steadiness. No sooner had the bugles sounded, than the waving plumes of the aides-de-camp were seen dashing across the field, ordering the light companies to the aid of the skirmishers, who were thrown out in line at the rear of the whole retiring force. The cavalry, in retiring, took up their position on the right; the



ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY COVERING THE RETREAT.—RIFLES' SKIRMISHING.

Horse Artillery keeping up a rapid fire during the time. While the main body of the besieging army was retreating, the two regiments of Highlanders formed in lines, and allowed the retiring troops to march through them, then, forming in the rear, retired in succession—the whole division being covered by Rifle skirmishers, and flanked by the fire of the Horse Artillery on the right. The pursuing enemy being now supposed to be moving rapidly up in large bodies, the usual dropping fire practised by skirmishers was not adopted; but the whole of the light companies from each regiment, dropping on their knees, poured in rapid volleys on the advancing foe. Thus, under cover of the cannonade of the artillery, and the volleys of the skirmishers, the troops reached the plain below in the most beautiful and orderly manner; where the comparative evenness of the ground gave an opportunity to bring the cavalry into action. The whole four regiments having formed, now made one grand charge—sweeping over the wild morass like the "sound of many waters," and almost silencing in its deafening din the loud thunders of the cannon. The charge, however, though apparently irresistible, was unavailing against the unyielding foe. For, after attempting in the most gallant style to break the lines of the enemy, they were seen to falter, halt, and fall back upon the left and centre. This was a moment of intense interest; the feigned disorder of the cavalry seemed to extend to the infantry, and threatened to produce one universal panic, when a general halt was sounded; and one of the most splendid manoeuvres of the day was magnificently executed. The Guards upon the right advanced in double-quick time, and formed their squares, with intervals between, upon the right and left of which, the Horse Artillery, advancing at their usual tremendous pace, instantly took up position. The whole force of the routed cavalry instantaneously rushed through the intervals left between the squares for their admission; and, while they were re-forming, the whole body of infantry with the artillery on right and left, poured in three awful and astounding volleys. This brilliant movement retrieved the honours of the day, and ensured a safe retreat, which was beautifully effected by each regiment in turn



RIFLES' CAMP

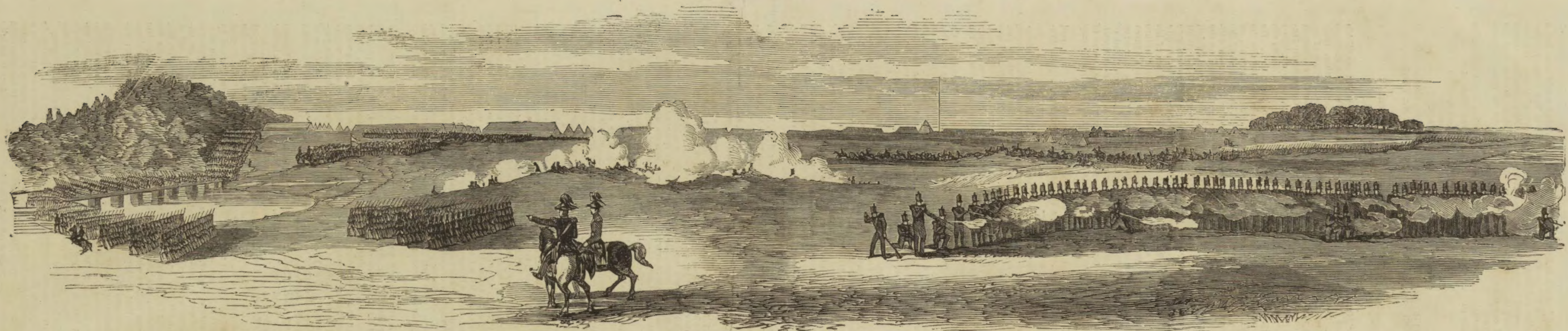
forming in line, and firing in file till they reached the Chobham road, which seemed to form the neutral ground between the contending armies. The plans of these interesting rehearsals, as laid down by Lord Seaton, have been the theme of admiration not only amongst our own military men, but amongst the distinguished foreigners who visited the Camp, and had the gratification to be present on those occasions. The orderly precision of the troops, the quickness with which they responded to each signal of the bugle, appeared to the uninitiated to approach the miraculous. The evolutions, notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the weather, lasted for three hours. After which each regiment formed into sections of fours and marched homewards to the Camp, each brigade returning by a different route to that by which it had arrived. The wind continued to blow with increased violence during the evening, and the men had the additional duty imposed on them of labouring to preserve the stability of the tents.

(Continued in the Number with which the present Sheet is published.)

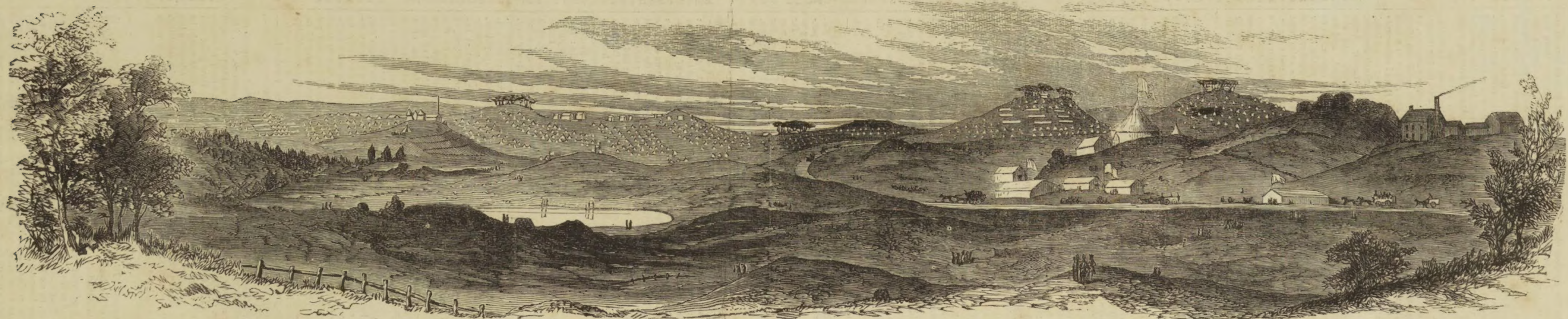
The Illustrations upon the present page show one of the principal manoeuvres of Saturday; and the Camp of the Rifles, in praise of whom military men are agreed: they certainly are a most efficient looking force.

The first Engraving upon the next page shows another of Saturday's manoeuvres. Beneath is a General View of the Camp.

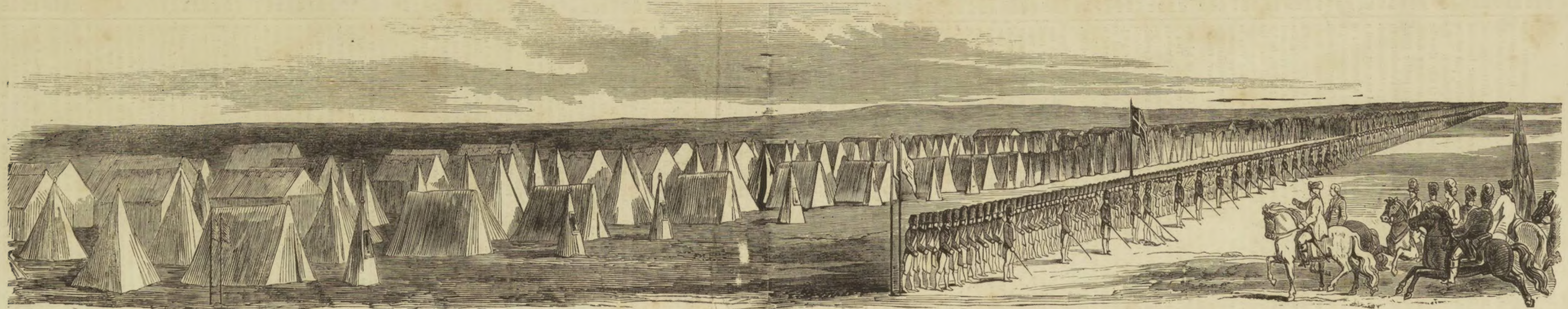
Next is an historical record of the Camp formed on Bagshot Heath in 1798, and already referred to in the account of the present display. It shows the Camp at the moment of King George III. coming up to view the troops; the Royal Standard, Park of Artillery, and Advanced Guard. On the left are the Arms' Tents, the common Men's Tents, Tents of the Subaltern Officers; behind which are the Field Officers' Tents and Mess-room. This view is copied from a print of the period.



INFANTRY RETIRING OVER THE BRIDGE, FROM COLONEL CHALLONER'S GROUNDS TO THE QUEEN'S RIDE.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE CHOBHAM CAMP, FROM THE SHRUB'S-HILL SIDE THE COMMON.



CAMP ON BAGSHOT HEATH, IN 1798.—ARRIVAL OF GEORGE III.—(FROM A PRINT OF THE PERIOD.)

LITERATURE.

A MEMOIR OF CHARLES MORDAUNT, EARL OF PETERBOROUGH AND MONMOUTH; with Extracts from his Correspondence. By the author of "Hochelaga," the "Conquest of Canada," &c. Longman and Co.

The famous Earl of Peterborough sided with William of Orange, and made one in the last expedition which can be called a regular invasion of this island. He knew well the theory both of aggressive and of defensive war, and practised both with extraordinary reputation. The history of his romantic and devious career, which would at any time be instructive as well as entertaining, is likely to command no little attention now when so many military proceedings engage the public mind. Among the fighting Englishmen of the last two centuries Peterborough was the most scholarly; among the scholars he was the greatest warrior. His life was adventurous, eventful, and long; he figured as a wit and a diplomatist, an admiral and a general, a writer and a traveller; a courtier, a gardener, a maker of kings, and a planner of revolutions; a man of undoubted honour, who, nevertheless, could steal a canary-bird; a scoffing infidel, who desired to preach Christian sermons; a cook, whose skill would have astonished Ude; the endurer of fatigues, which would have worn out Catiline; patient under the greatest reverses, unruffled amid the most terrible dangers; yet trembling at the vain and idle remarks of the vainest and iddest portion of a society which, by his own account, he despised. He carefully concealed from all men his marriage with his own wife; but, he could horsewhip within very little of death the wight who had failed to treat her with the respect due to that character—the respect which Peterborough refused to her practically himself by ignoring the real tie between them. The singularities of his private character and the marvels of his public career render his life an interesting and even exciting subject.

It is as nearly as possible half a century since the last Camp, on a large and regular scale of military practice, was held in England. To the present English generation the sight of one at home is entirely novel; and the operations at Chobham, which in some continental countries, would be esteemed rather limited in their range, have an air of considerable magnitude. Certainly the army is not a very large army which is there collected: but the defensive resources of which it forms a part, would, we think, be amply sufficient for a country so enclosed and so intersected as the England of the present day, against twice as great a hostile force as any that could be landed on our shores. But we will not stay to expatiate on the military capabilities of hedge and ditch, of fence and of road-side, in case of actual invasion.

At the period of the last well-organised descent upon our shores, there were two Englishmen living, either of whom, had he taken part with the old, instead of joining the new dynasty, was capable of repelling that attack, and of giving, perhaps, a very different termination to the war. One was John Churchill, "the great Duke of Marlborough;" the other was Charles Mordaunt, seventh Baron of that name, and third Earl of Peterborough. His title of Monmouth he owed to a desire on the part of the incoming powers to break the spell which still hung around that name in the imagination and love of the common people, to whom the memory, or rather the supposed survival, of the unfortunate son of Charles II. was still so dear, throughout the south-west counties. It was hoped that, if the beloved name was worn by an adherent of the House of Orange the danger of the association would be averted, and perhaps the influence of it even rendered advantageous.

The Earl of Peterborough, of whom we speak, one of the most mixed, perplexing, and peculiar characters that ever became eminent in history, was born, as nearly as can be ascertained (for the exact date is not proved), in the year 1658. He first saw the light during the Commonwealth, against which his family had struggled, with no little note, among the foremost and most fervent of the Cavalier party, and in the second last year of that thoroughly absolute reign which Cromwell "Angel of the North-West Principality" (to borrow the words of Cowley), termed a Protectorate. The death of that mighty ruler, the feeble Government of Richard Cromwell, and the mad rejoicings and festivities of the Restoration—producing as violent and as sudden a change as if there had been some vast masquerade in England—were among the earliest recollections of Peterborough's childhood. He was brought up in the lascivious court of Charles II.; from which he broke loose while yet a boy; and, carrying into military duties the enthusiasm of a knight-errant, the tact of a man of the world, the feelings of a poet, the tastes of an idler, and the energy and capacity of a heaven-born soldier, he started, in his seventeenth year, upon his first warlike service. This was the expedition of 1674, which Charles II., rousing himself to one of his transient exertions of ability and spirit, despatched against the pirates of the Mediterranean. The boy Peterborough was, of course, in a subordinate position, and fought under Sir John Narborough's command. Beneath the guns of the fort of Tripoli lay the fleet of the buccaners; and it was cut to pieces and burned by our boats, of which Cloudesley Shovel, afterwards so eminent in our naval history, had the management, and in which Peterborough fought with rapturous enjoyment and mercurial valour. Our navy was about this time beginning to show its wonderful superiority, under the zealous and able management of one to whom, because he was subsequently so unfortunate and feeble a King, justice has never been fully or willingly done, in his unquestionable character of a great administrator of the Admiralty, and one of the very founders and fathers of the maritime pre-eminence of England. Whatever we might say of James II., we have this, in common honesty, to say of James Duke of York, that the country owes to his exertions some of its glory and some of its prosperity; and that, before he did things which lost him the allegiance of his subjects, he did other things by which their children's children were to benefit, and which are worthy of the gratitude due to honest service, of the respect due to wise foresight, of the admiration due to unflinching intrepidity.

Not a little of Peterborough's renown was gained in the navy, among the matchless seamen, of whom and of whose successes a true poet was destined, in after ages, to sing—"The deck, it was their field of fame." The young Earl, then Charles Mordaunt, intoxicated with animal spirits, and almost mad with a sort of wild ability and impish wit, had hardly set foot on board, before he began to give signs of the eccentricity with which his surpassing talents were interwoven and impaired. He was the last person of whom it could be said that he was protected by a cold temperament from the allurements which lead astray; and if not protected by temperament, he certainly was still less guarded by principle. Of all the distinguished men that ever lived, he was, perhaps, the least inclined to walk by rule, and the most ready to yield to every successive impulse. Unbridled and wild in his natural disposition, he had imbibed or accepted no precepts which could have restrained him in the second instance. He was neither rigid in maxim, nor frigid in blood; but at once untameable by inclination, and free from the drags and checks of any system, received or self-imposed, of interior government. This being the man, and having just come from the Court of Charles II., and considering within his own mind that he disbelieved in Christianity, and utterly rejected every part of revealed truth, it struck him forcibly on Saturday, that it would, on the next day, be highly proper in itself, and, indeed, urgently incumbent upon him, to relieve the chaplain of the ship in which he was sailing, from the duty of performing the religious services and especially of preaching the sermon. On this he was bent, and he sat up all night to compose the impressive discourse which would be necessary for the moral and religious improvement of the ship's company. Many years afterwards—when he was armed at all points with the most perplexing sophisms of unbelief, a subtle disputant, an accomplished debater, the friend of Bolingbroke, confident in practised ability, and accustomed to sneer in bitter disdain at the prejudices of Christians whom he could not convince, and might have puzzled—he was attracted by the great fame of Fénelon, Archbishop of Cambray—not only as a finished scholar, an eloquent writer, and a zealous and powerful preacher, but as a minister who set an example of the virtues which he inculcated, and as a divine and theologian whom he would find well able, men said, "to render a reason for the faith that was in him." Peterborough thought it would be equally glorious and delightful to overthrow such an adversary, and he started forthwith for Cambray, and was enchanted by the amiable character and exquisite manners of the Archbishop, whom he quickly, however, put on his defence and drew into a duel of argument. The result is laughably implied in a letter which Peterborough wrote from that town to a friend—"On my word," says he, "I must quit this place as soon as possible; for, if I stay now another week, I shall be a Christian in spite of myself."

In course of time the Earl became estranged from the Court, and disgusted with the House of Stuart. He started, on leave, for Holland, and vehemently urged William to invade England, and make himself King. It was done long afterwards much in the manner which Peterborough, with his usual keenness, had suggested. We need not pause upon the revolution. Peterborough, after the short reigns of Mary and William, was soon employed upon the service which pro-

cured him the greatest glory of his life, and his chief title to present remembrance. Just one century before the last Peninsular war, there was another Peninsular war. The former, like the latter, was about a disputed succession to the Spanish throne, vacant in the one case, however, by death; and, in the other, by violence and fraud. In both wars England took part, in both an English general obtained the chief glory, and performed the principal achievements; in both the inordinate ambition, arrogant pretensions, and preponderating power of a Sovereign of France, provoked the arms of this country. But, here the parallel stops. The victories of Wellington decided the state of Europe, while those of Peterborough decided nothing, or very little, in the end.

The Earl acquired great renown, and returned to England. In the intrigue of the lemon-juice letters, and in another and still darker transaction (both occurring before his Spanish expedition), some suspicion, to say the least, had attached itself to his political rectitude; and both Mary and William seem to have regarded and employed him rather as a man whom it was dangerous to neglect, than as one whom it was either safe or agreeable to trust implicitly. His discretion was never considered equal to his genius; and his principles or scruples were much doubted by his best friends, and with excellent reason. Under Anne he assumed and fulfilled his great Peninsular charge, and encountered those adventures to which we have but alluded, and on which our space will not allow us to enlarge. On his return, he at first exercised his functions rather diligently as a member of the Upper House. But his zeal soon began to cool. The honours conferred on Marlborough—whose parsimony he despised, and whose calm and steady temper he disliked—appeared to him disproportionately large. His biting wit never spared the great General. During Marlborough's unpopularity, Peterborough was once mistaken for the Duke, and surrounded by an angry mob, who were going to maltreat him. "There are two proofs," said he, "which will convince you that I am not the person you take me for. First, I have only five guineas at my command; secondly, they are very much at your service;" and he threw his purse among the crowd.

Passing through the era of unparalleled social depravity which characterised the "best circles" in the reign of George I., Peterborough, who had been gradually taking a less and less active share in politics, quitted them altogether when Sir Robert Walpole rose to power. The corruption by which that Minister maintained his position revolted the proud man, and he retired to his cookery and his books. His correspondence forms some of the best writing of the time in which he lived. At length, without having completed a refutation which he had intended to publish of Burnett's account of Queen Anne's reign, Peterborough died, in 1735, seventy-seven years old. He had seen eight Sovereigns of England, including Oliver Cromwell, and without counting Richard; he had lived under the Republic—had witnessed the Restoration—had assisted at the Revolution. He had been present at the last civil war but one—that which expelled James II.; and died only seventy years before Walter Scott wrote "Waverley; or, 'tis Sixty Years Since." He was the friend of almost every eminent personage in the latter part of the seventeenth and the first half of the eighteenth century, whether at home or abroad. With Locke he was very intimate; Pope and Swift he knew well; Bolingbroke, of course, was among his acquaintances; Montesquieu and Voltaire admired his literary and political, and Prince Eugene his military genius. His curiosity and admiration carried him to the camp of Marlborough, who treated him with marked consideration, and who had early penetrated the profound abilities which his vagrant habits, the levity of his manners, and the abruptness and errantry of his movements, might have concealed from a less competent judge, or a less studious observer. Marlborough's opinion was that such a person's talents and energies should be secured for the public service, and constantly employed. But this was not likely to be. Marlborough, while even in a still greater degree superior to the generality of people, was far less obnoxious to their instinctive prejudices than Peterborough. To avoid shocking those prejudices unnecessarily was the care of the one; to startle and buffet them on all occasions was the delight of the other. To both it was an unavoidable necessity to be singular in this respect—that both could do, and of course desired to do, great acts, which very few men in any age are able to attempt with a chance of success. But if Marlborough was doomed to be unlike ordinary people in the performance of extraordinary services, he compensated for it by being as like them as he could in all the minor transactions which occupy far the largest portion of every man's social existence. Unless he was charged to act on his own responsibility, he had a timid respect for general opinions, and even for received and established hallucinations. He would gain a victory and manage a campaign well, no matter how much he wounded the self-love of mediocrity; but he would not remind the world that he could gain battles, except by the one unavoidable insult of gaining them, when he actually had to fight them. Rather than hurt the feelings of respectable people, he would be almost content, where no business required transaction, to appear a blockhead; but he would hurt their feelings rather than be a blockhead in act and truth. He knew that nothing could overwhelm the power of the majority except the power of events; and he remembered in what a large majority dull people always are. Peterborough had less of this organic decency or instinctive hypocrisy. He feared numbers as little in civil life as he feared them in war. But in civil life they are far more to be feared. He never propitiated by his modesty those whom he had made his enemies by wonderful genius, and his enviers by almost fabulous success. Had Peterborough been a commoner, he would not have obtained a Dukedom by a score of such victories as those of Oudenarde, Ramillies, Malplaquet, and Blenheim. Marlborough would have founded a great family by the campaign of the kingdom of Valencia; and some poet, probably, would have sung his capture of Montjuich. Is it not strange? Certainly for many hundred years, there has not figured among civilised men such a hero of romance, such a subject for the bard, as this Charles Mordaunt. Yet he occupies but a secondary place in the history, and no place in the poetry of his country. "The Campaign" extols a more solid and a more prosaic character. Peterborough took many great fortified cities, made many thousands of efficient regular soldiers fly before him for months; and won the rich, populous, and venerable old kingdom in the east of Spain with a hundred and fifty famished, horseless, and bewildered dragons. His brain supplied the place of commissariat and magazines—of artillery, of ammunition, of arms, and of numbers. Marlborough was a greater man; but he was not fit for these marvels. He would have thought it an insult to have been appointed to the command of such means—to the conduct of such expeditions. He would not have answered for the reduction of a village. He would not be the chief in absurd enterprises on the chance of becoming the subject of true fairy tales. On the other hand—much as Marlborough was controlled and thwarted in his means of action—to give Peterborough a chance of doing the half of what Marlborough did, it would have been necessary to control him and thwart him much more still; to deny him all rational supplies; to throw him exclusively on his own resources; to dismiss him to the devices of a head more inexhaustible than that of Euclides; to make it incumbent on him to exert the last energies of a mind more than Punic in its expedients, and yet more than knightly, more than chivalrous, in the divine frenzy of its daring. Marlborough amassed an enormous fortune, and acquired immense dignities, in the service of the public; and yet he was a better and a safer public servant than the lavish peer who nearly ruined himself by equipping, out of his private purse, the expeditions needed or commanded by his country.

It is Peterborough's peculiar fortune to have suggested comparisons with Marlborough in war, and with Bolingbroke in eloquence, wit, and literature; while he devoted himself constantly neither to the profession of the one, nor to that of the other of the two illustrious men whom he thus rivalled in their several and exclusive pursuits. How great and how versatile must have been his mind! This reflection alone would be enough to compel us to pronounce the work before us no adequate life of Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough: it is only a light, amusing, superficial "memorial," which may serve as a useful help to some more complete and more appreciating biography hereafter.

THE ENGLISH HUMOURISTS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. A Series of Lectures delivered in England, Scotland, and the United States of America. By W. M. THACKERAY. Smith, Elder, and Co.

From a humourist writing on humourists we naturally expect some humour. But then humour is of two kinds: there is the humour that makes us laugh, and there is the humour that makes us grave. Mr. Thackeray, as we have before had occasion to tell our readers, in reporting his lectures, has chosen the latter kind of humour. He has elected to contemplate his subject from ascetic, instead of æsthetic grounds, and has given an exceedingly gloomy picture of the wits of Queen Anne's reign, the manners of which came under his sublime disapprobation—and all presents to him a melancholy wreck of morals and a waste of intellectual wealth. In the world, Mr. Thackeray plays the part of Hermit, and preaches against its follies. To the author of

"Esmond"—such as it was when Esmond lived, that world was but a "Vanity Fair;" he seems to think, however, that it has become something other and better since; but we cannot be sure of that. We suspect a mental reservation—some secretion of humour somewhere, which will declare itself somehow, and at some time. Such a view has the fault of one-sidedness; but, if it had not, perhaps it would not be humorous.

A humourist upon humour? We think it requires self-reflection to render the subject possible. But is the self-reflection itself so?

Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?
No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection, by some other things.

We have the same difficulty that Brutus felt, and that Cassius enlarged upon when he added what we would fain address to Mr. Thackeray—

—It is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow.

But our Humourist has selected mirrors in which he might see all his concealed faults reflected, if not his virtues. We have, in these sketches by Mr. Thackeray, the meanness of great men, rather than their mightiness displayed. We are conciliated by a fellow-feeling of infirmity; and are called upon rather to compassionate their common frailty than to admire their extraordinary genius. Our modern Humourist has placed himself on a pedestal, where he stands apart, like a statue of immaculate workmanship—or on a dais, whereon he enacts the seated judge, the ermined censor of all who occupy the lower floor. He subdues even Swift to his supremacy. The invincible wit bows to the stern Minos of the lecture-table; he is found guilty, forsooth, of ambition, and of being a member of the intellectual condottieri of the day. Surely, in this there is more than lies on the surface—a concealed satire on the beliefs and institutions attacked, rather than on the "gentlemen of the road," bearing the name of Swift, Congreve, Addison, Steele—of whom the attack, not in all cases justly, is predicated. Who "graps not at a prize"? who "makes not his spring at opportunity"? Why should Swift be censured for what every man is free to do? Why should such a man, seeking to better his condition by force of his talents, be regarded as of "the aggressive turn"?—as by "nature warlike, predatory, eager for fight, plunder, dominion"? These figures of speech probably mean "more than meets the ear." But a reserve was needed in fashionable lecture-rooms, and a defence pretended of conventions that, in the order of events, are necessarily evanescent. The memory of the men by whom they were superseded in favour of better, remains for ever. Society forgets not the names of its literary reformers.

Mr. Thackeray also ventures on polemical ground with Swift, and attacks his theology. We give the mysterious passage, without presuming to interpret the oracle:—

Ah, man! you, educated in Epicurean Temple's library, you whose friends were Pope and St. John—what made you to swear to fatal vows, and bind yourself to a life-long hypocrisy before the heaven which you adored with such real wonder, humility, and reverence? For Swift's was a reverent, was a pious spirit—for Swift could love and could pray. Through the storms and tempests of his furious mind, the stars of religion and love break out in the blue, shining serenely, though hidden by the driving clouds and the maddened hurricane of his life.

It is my belief that he suffered frightfully from the consciousness of his own scepticism, and that he had bent his pride so far down as to put his apostasy into hire. The paper left behind him, called "Thoughts on Religion," is merely a set of excuses for not professing disbelief. He says of his sermons that he preached pamphlets: they have scarce a Christian characteristic; they might be preached from the steps of a synagogue, or the floor of a mosque, or the box of a coffee-house almost. There is little or no cant—he is too great and too proud for that; and, in so far as the badness of his sermons goes, he is honest. But having put that cask on, he poisoned him: he was strangled in his bands. He goes through life, tearing, like a man possessed with a devil. Like Abudah in the Arabian story, he is always looking out for the Fury, and knows that the night will come and the inevitable hag with it. What a night, my God, it was! what a lonely rage and long agony—what a vulture that tore the heart of that giant! It is awful to think of the great sufferings of this great man. Through life he always seems alone, somehow. Goethe was so. I can't fancy Shakespeare otherwise. The giants must live apart. The kings can have no company. But this man suffered so; and deserved so to suffer. One hardly reads anywhere of such a pain.

Somewhat in the same mysterious oracular style, Mr. Thackeray talks of the Paganism of Congreve's dramas, and sides with Jeremy Collier, in his attack on "that godless, reckless Jezebel, the English comedy of his time"—that "Nell Gwynn"—that "wild, dishevelled Laïs with eyes bright with wit and wine." Hear him still further on this theme:—

I have read two or three of Congreve's plays over before speaking of him; and my feelings were rather like those, which I dare say most of us here have had, at Pompeii, looking at Sallust's house and the relics of an orgy, a dried wine-jar or two, a charred supper-table, the breast of a dancing girl pressed against the ashes, the laughing skull of a jester, a perfect stillness round about, as the Cicero twangs his moral, and the blue sky shines calmly over the ruin. The Congreve muse is dead, and her song choked in Time's ashes. We gaze at the skeleton, and wonder at the life which once revelled in its mad veins. We take the skull up, and muse over the frolic and daring, the wit, scorn, passion, hope, desire, with which that empty bowl once fermented. We think of the glances that allured, the tears that melted, of the bright eyes that shone in those vacant sockets; and of lips whispering love, and cheeks dimpling with smiles, that once covered yon ghastly yellow framework. They used to call those teeth pearl once. See! there's the cup she drank from, the gold chain she wore on her neck, the vase which held the rouge for her cheeks, her looking-glass, and the harp she used to dance to. Instead of a feast we find a grave-stone, and in place of a mistress, a few bones!

Reading in these plays now, is like shutting your ears and looking at people dancing. What does it mean? the measures, the grimaces, the bowing, shuffling, and retreating, the cavalier sent advancing upon those ladies—those ladies and men twirling round at the end in a mad gallop, after which everybody bows, and the quaint rite is celebrated. Without the music we can't understand that comic dance of the last century—its strange gravity and gaiety, its decorum or its indecorum. It has a jargon of its own quite unlike life; a sort of moral of its own quite unlike life too. I'm afraid it's a Heathen mystery, symbolising a Pagan doctrine; protesting, as the Pompeians very likely were, assembled at their theatre and laughing at their games—as Sallust and his friends, and their mistresses protested—crowned with flowers, with cups in their hands, against the new hard, ascetic pleasure-hating doctrine, whose gaunt disciples, lately passed over from the Asian shores of the Mediterranean were for breaking the fair images of Venus, and flinging the altars of Bacchus down.

This is stimulating writing. Under this veil of allegory, we may espy the face of the sly humourist expanding into a laugh, and the rogue's twinkling eyes suggesting unutterable things. What a piece of mystification, too, is that Jeremiad on that "weakness for wine, which the great and good Joseph Addison notoriously possessed, in common with countless gentlemen of his time." By bringing this same weakness out into distinct relief, the lecturer redeems the demigod into perfect humanity. Mr. Thackeray is determined that the Humourists of the eighteenth century shall not be ideals. They are all mortal men; and, like Falstaff's ragged regiment, "food for powder."

To Steele, Mr. Thackeray tells us, Mr. Addison was always, through life, "the head boy." For him, therefore, we must not expect better treatment than his leader has experienced. For the "erring, wayward, affectionate" urchin, however, the lecturer evinces especial sympathy; but he seems to rejoice that, while "Dick was writing his ardent devotional work," called the "Christian Hero," he "was deep in debt, in drink, and in all the follies of the town." The antithetical in conduct is a jest as good as that in words. That there may be no mistake about the matter, the picture is elaborately painted. The writer is exhibited as "a theologian in liquor;" and it is added that such an object "is not a respectable" one. "A hermit, though he may be out at elbows, must not be in debt to the tailor." One virtue, however, Mr. Thackeray justly credits poor Steele with: he writes of women with respect, esteem, and admiration; and, in our satirist's opinion, was the first of our authors who did so. In this he seems to concur with those who think that Shakespeare has been wanting in regard to the sex; but no real student of his works will subscribe to this opinion.

The lecture on Prior, Gay, and Pope, is more genial in its tone, as it is less patronising in its air. Hogarth, Smollett, and Fielding, also are, we think, admitted as the author's equals; some unconscious foibles excepted; but, in treating of Sterne and Goldsmith, Mr. Thackeray feels his superiority again, condemns the one of artificiality, and pities the other for his simplicity. The author of the "Sentimental Journey" manifests forsooth (in this, how unlike the lecturer!) a "deliberate propensity to make points, and seek applause." Let it be accepted as a harmless vanity in both. Mr. Thackeray has, at all events, succeeded in painting a picture of the time; and what he ascribes to his individual portraits belongs much more to it than to them. The picture is artfully composed, and highly coloured; original in its style of treatment, and uncommonly effective. With these merits, the book must become popular; and, if properly understood, will prove instructive.

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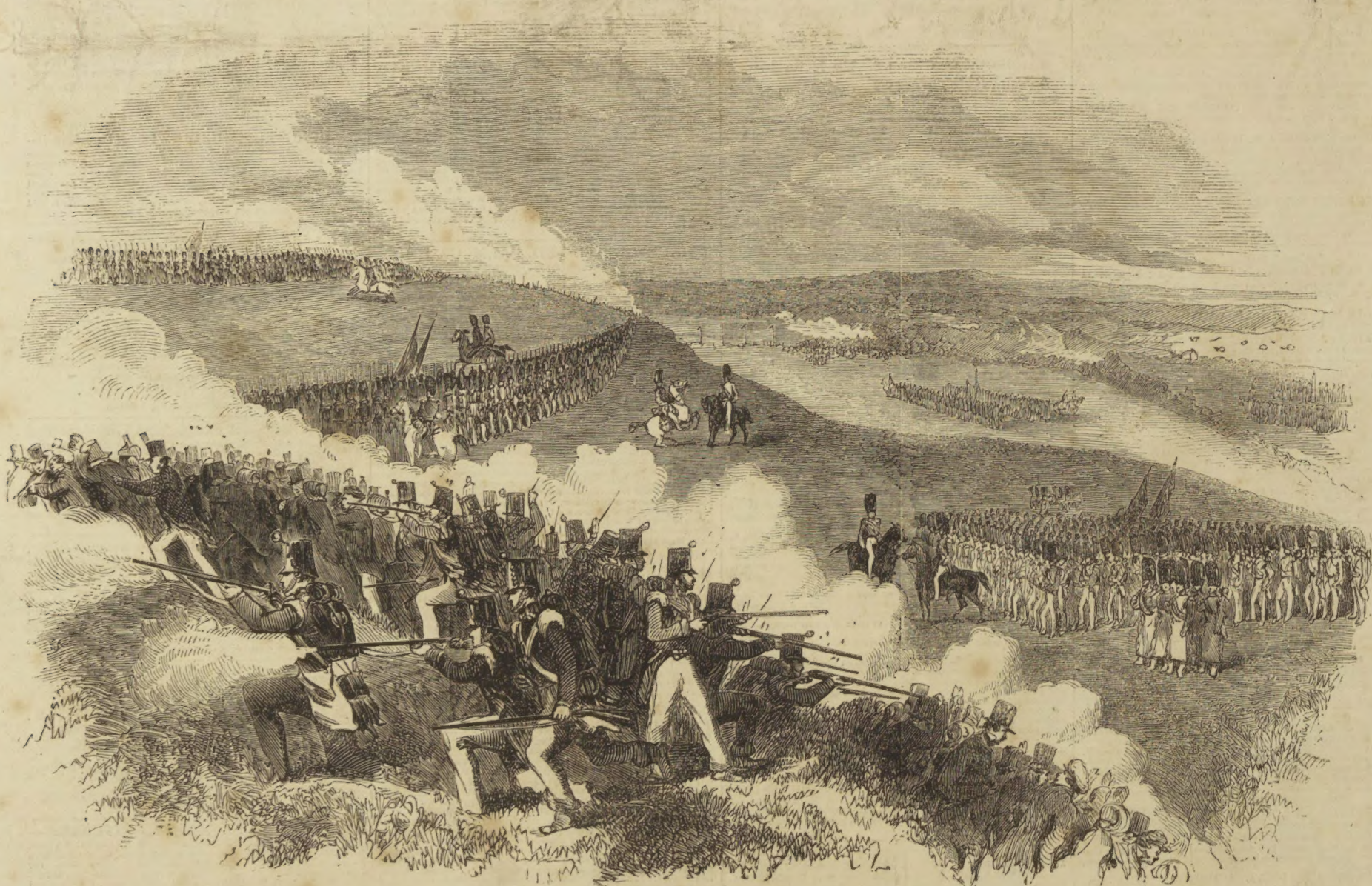
THE Visit of the Queen on the 21st ult.—the great event of last week—has been already fully detailed in our Journal (See pages 512, 513, and 514). In the present Sheet we engrave three Illustrations of the Royal Visit. That immediately above shows the superbly-caparisoned Royal charger, and her Majesty preparing to view the troops. The large Engraving which fills the two central pages portrays her Majesty, Prince Albert, the Royal visitors, and staff; the King of Hanover being immediately next her

Majesty, and wearing a bear-skin cap, with a shade for the King's eyes. Following immediately in the route of the Royal visitors was a brilliant suite, amongst whom were several officers of the Hanoverian service: Prince Felix Salm, of the 11th Prussian Hussars; Colonel Jackson, Colonel Chatterton, Colonel Challoner, &c. Her Majesty was attended by Lord Charles Fitzroy and the Hon. Dudley de Ros. The time selected by the Artist is when the Queen is passing along the infantry; the Highlanders saluting with the usual honours.

The last Illustration shows the close of the attack on the day of the Royal visit when the crowds of people who had collected on Flutter's-

hill found themselves, to their great dismay, in the thick of the fight. The close fire of blank cartridge they stood tolerably well. When they saw the Grenadiers, the Coldstreams, the Fusiliers—old familiar faces—coming at their position with fixed bayonets and at a charge they felt uncomfortable, but did not give way much. The 73rd and 42nd, however, put them completely to the rout; and with their discomfiture all traces of resistance disappeared.

The Engraving upon the front page portrays her Majesty, the Prince Albert, and the Royal visitors, immediately before the tents, witnessing the attack, which has been fully described at page 514.



THE CAMP AT CHOBHAM.—THE ATTACK ON FLUTTER'S HILL.